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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PRINCESS GRACE AND HER NEW BABY — Pages 8 and 9

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Our cover

● Princess Grace posed with her new baby, Prince Albert, heir to the Principality of Monaco, for this exclusive study by Howell Conant. Other color pictures of the Rainiers and their family at home in Monaco are on pages 8 and 9.

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The Weekly Round

● The christening robe worn by Prince Albert of Monaco (page 9) was worn by his sister, Princess Caroline, and before that by their father, Prince Rainier.

WE were interested to learn that the town of Les Baux, in France, from which stems Prince Albert's title of Marquis de Baux, also gave its name to bauxite.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica records that in 1821 P. Berthier discovered a "non-plastic, clay-like substance, practically devoid of silica," at Les Baux, near Arles, in France, and that subsequently similar material was given the name bauxite.

★ ★ ★

WE have always thought that literary collaboration, especially between husband and wife, must be fraught with danger of argument, but plenty of people seem to manage it. This week two of our short stories and the serial are written by husband-and-wife teams, one English (Diana and Meir Gillon) and the others American (Hal and Barbara Borland and Frances and Richard Lockridge).

The Lockridges, authors of the serial, are a charming American couple who specialise in fictional murder. (Incidentally, this thriller is one of the most exciting we've read for a long time, so start it now if you didn't last week.) When the Lockridges aren't writing murder mysteries they read other people's, and devote the rest of their spare time to tennis, philosophy, and their Siamese cats.

BOBBIE HELPMANN (beaming from the page opposite) says he learned from Sol Hurok, the famous American impresario, to assess how long certain types of plays will run in certain cities.

"Consequently," Helpmann told Bill Strutton in London, "before I made the Shakespeare tour of Australia with Katie Hepburn in 1955 I studied the figures of previous touring companies. Among the things I found was that you can run Shakespeare for nine weeks in Melbourne. Against my own judgment we overstayed that period and the result was that at the end we played to half-empty houses.

"Surely," Helpmann added, "it's no reflection on Melbourne to count it as a nine-week Shakespeare city. Paris, supposedly the greatest cultural centre in the world, is death to any ballet that runs there longer than two weeks."

NEXT WEEK

● If you want to know something of his character — or hers — look at the handwriting of each. Experts say it's possible to tell whether two natures will be compatible by studying handwriting. Read all about it next week.

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HELPMANN COMING HOME

Will tour as dancer, actor

ROBERT HELPMANN, a brilliant conversationalist, coos into the phone, mimicking with devastating accuracy a well-known actress. A star of stage and ballet, he is notorious in theatre circles for his brilliant caricatures of show business personalities.

By
BILL STRUTTON
Pictures by
ALEC MURRAY

● Famous Australian Robert Helpmann will return to Australia with a flourish this year. He will star in Noel Coward's long-running hit comedy "Nude With Violin" and will dance, for the first time in his homeland, with the Royal Ballet of Covent Garden.

COWARD'S sophisticated play will open in Melbourne on June 21, and will be presented in Adelaide, Sydney, and Brisbane.

At the end of the play's season, Helpmann will join the ballet company, which is making its first Australian tour. The company was formerly celebrated as the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

At 49, the astonishingly vital Helpmann, still noted for the vigor and brilliance of his dancing, will perform in roles he has made famous.

The repertoire—containing some of his own celebrated ballets—will include "The Rake's Progress," "Hamlet," "The Prospect Before Us," and "Coppelia."

When I saw him in his new flat, Helpmann was just off to rehearse "Petrouchka" for Covent Garden.

He has returned to ballet after an absence of six years, in which he distinguished himself equally as an actor—or almost equally.

He paced round the lounge and said, "Isn't it strange. I've never danced in Australia, my own country.

"I joined the theatre as a lad in Melbourne, but it was not until I came to England that I went into ballet.

"I know the Australian public is wonderful for ballet and I'm looking forward to it."

Critics have dubbed the lively "Bobbie" "The Violin's Third String—and its best."

Noel Coward wanted him to step into Sir John Gielgud's shoes when Gielgud left the cast of "Nude With Violin," but Helpmann was then at the Old Vic.

He was free when Michael Wilding, in turn, vacated the part.

He plays a mannered Jamaican rogue who blackmails the bereaved relatives of a famous but bogus artist.

"Bobbie" Helpmann shares the sumptuous flat in fashionable Eaton Square with Old Vic producer Michael Benthall.

It is richly furnished with fine antiques. The flat opens on to a large, cool, secluded garden — a rare and expensive luxury in the heart of London.

In the study, whole sections of mirrored, latticed walls swing open to reveal the hidden stacks of a music collection.

The kitchen is sparklingly up to date with eye-level grills, infra-red cookers, and a sink disposal unit, which, Helpmann is whimsically prepared to believe, would even tackle the disposal of any waste relatives or creditors.

"The only thing it won't dispose of is cloth, which strangles it," he said.

"But it is all heavenly quiet compared with our old flat, in front of which half of London chose to park their cars while the other half careered by, using the road as a short cut. And the noise!

"Apart from that, the flat was on five floors. Five! It was the very devil to get maids. Imagine having to lug the cleaner up and down all those stairs. They'd have one look at the house and bolt!

"Here, we're all on the one garden floor. And there's no maid trouble."

He and Michael Benthall have a diminutive, bustling cook-housekeeper who dotes on Helpmann and, to his embarrassment, volunteers a saga of his charms.

"He's a live wire, isn't he," says his housekeeper, poking her head out of the dazzling kitchen. "Never a dull moment in this house, I can tell you, with him around! Keeps you young, Mister Helpmann does."

And in doing so, he's keeping himself young, too.

GOOD COOK. In his modern kitchen, Helpmann dishes up a meal for guests wearing his kitchen "formals"—a gag apron painted to represent tails.

PEKINGESE given Helpmann by comedienne Beatrice Lillie is "Miss Witch." "Extraordinarily kind of her," he says. "I don't know her all that well."

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At Brussels Court Ball:

Real jewels but no romance

LIGHT-HEARTED King Baudouin of the Belgians played golf while holidaying on the French Riviera, not long before the Brussels court ball.

SERIOUS King Baudouin in the centre of the Royal group at the ball. Behind him and to the left is Princess Marie-Therese of Bourbon-Parma (wearing tiara). In the front row are ex-King Leopold, his wife, Princess de Rethy, with Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands. Prince Constantine of Greece, and Princess Irene of the Netherlands to the right of King Baudouin.

PRINCESS MARIE-THERESE (left) with her sister, Princess Marie-des-Neiges, walking in Brussels.

● Of the 11 European princesses who shared the official dais at the glittering court ball given by King Baudouin of the Belgians, Marie-Therese of Bourbon-Parma has been considered the young King's most probable choice for his future Queen.

PRINCESS BEATRIX of the Netherlands, with whom the King opened the ball. As heiress to the Dutch throne, she was the ranking Princess. A marriage between the two is not considered likely because of political and religious differences. Like many other guests, Beatrix wore a white gown.

ON BELGIUM'S "short list" of possible brides is Princess Maria Christina of Savoy-Aosta. Like Baudouin, she is Roman Catholic.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH of Yugoslavia. Although not at the ball, the Princess is considered to be a suitable future Queen.

THE court ball, the first in 24 years in Brussels, was a disappointment to the Belgians.

Their 27-year-old King danced with only three of the 11 princesses and showed none any special favor, while his people hoped that they would be able to tell from his reaction the girl he would select as his bride.

After the ball, however, Belgian newspapers reported that an announcement of an engagement would be made "in the near future."

They based their report on more than gossip. Shy, dark-haired Princess Marie-Therese's name was mentioned by one of the King's circle following a statement by a cabinet member that an engagement could be expected.

Princess Marie-Therese is the daughter of Prince Xavier, the Carlist Bourbon pretender to the Spanish throne, and lives in France with her father.

(General Franco is at present grooming Prince Juan Carlos, son of Pretender Don Juan, as King of Spain when he fulfils his promise to restore the monarchy.)

Among the princesses of Europe, Marie-Therese is most like the shy, hard-working King Baudouin.

With classic features, beautiful brown eyes, and a cloud

By
ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

of black hair, the 24-year-old Princess is earnest and studious, and likes to get things done in a quiet way.

Without fuss, Marie-Therese learned to fly. She has a pilot's licence.

Without fuss, she persuaded her father to let her study political science.

She is also a good linguist, but above all she has that quality of shyness which endeared her to all who watched her at the Brussels ball.

She took her seat well behind the young King and a little to the right of the dais. He did not dance with her, and the Belgians were not pleased.

Protocol, however, dictated that King Baudouin dance first with Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, the highest-ranking princess.

After having dined at Laeken Palace, King Baudouin entered the famous blue salon at Brussels Castle at exactly 10 o'clock.

Like ballet

He wore the uniform of a general of the Belgian Army and was followed by members of his family—his father, ex-King Leopold, his stepmother, the Princess de Rethy, in a trapeze-line gown, and Prince Albert, his brother.

As the King arrived in the salon the door opposite opened to reveal six more salons filled with the royalty and nobility of Europe. Then the princesses entered, two by two, like a well-trained ballet.

The 6000 guests had received strict rules for their dressing. All jewels had to be real, and strapless and black dresses were banned.

It was the first Royal ball the King had given in his seven-year reign and he blushed slightly as he opened it with Princess Beatrix.

His blushes deepened. The sight of the King dancing in public for the first time appeared to be too much for his subjects, and the guests surged forward.

With his courtiers throwing a cordon around him as he danced, the King struggled on with Princess Beatrix.

He had to stop dancing.

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. . . Belgium would like Spanish Princess as bride for King Baudouin

MATCHMAKERS gossiped about the implications of the King's choice of three princesses as dancing partners. The 6000 guests at the ball wandered through six enormous, lavishly furnished salons in Brussels Castle for the first court ball in 24 years.

Escorted by aides, he and the Princess visited several buffets while people jumped up on costly tapestry chairs, pushing and shoving their way forward to catch a glimpse of the King and decide whether his partner was likely to be his bride.

The crush was only just bearable when King Baudouin led Princess Birgitta of Sweden on to the floor.

When he took the arm of Princess Isabelle of France just before midnight and before he left to return to Laeken, there was a buzz of talk around the ballroom.

"A Belgian bachelor always saves the last dance for his chosen bride," say the Belgians, but they were wrong.

All attention has since been focused on the shy Princess Marie-Therese, who sat in the background.

By a process of elimination, Belgium has made a short list of the princesses likely to be their Queen.

The King's choice of a bride is limited. He is a Roman Catholic and unlikely to marry one of the Protestant princesses.

This rules from romantic calculations lively Princess Birgitta of Sweden and her sister Princess Desiree.

Norway's Princess Astrid, beautiful, mature, and Oxford educated, is the King's first cousin.

Rumors that Baudouin and Astrid would marry were scotched several years ago by an official denial from the Norwegian Palace.

This denial was backed up by Princess Astrid, who is reported to have said: "Come off it. He's my first cousin."

One-time favorite with King Baudouin was Princess Margaretha of Sweden, but her romance with Robin Douglas-Home removes her from any list.

Good friends

A friend of the King said: "The French princesses may be ruled out because Flemish feeling in Belgium would be against such a marriage."

So tall, honey-blond Princess Isabelle of France, oldest of the 11 children of the Comte de Paris, Pretender to the French throne, is not on the short list.

Princess Isabelle has announced that when she marries she expects to have as many children as her mother.

She and King Baudouin are good friends. It is nearly eight years since their names were first linked, bringing a denial from Isabelle's father, who thundered, "Absolutely unfounded."

A marriage between the King of the Belgians and Princess Beatrix, heir to the Dutch throne, would have too many political comebacks to be feasible and no rumors have coupled Beatrix's younger sister, Princess Irene, with the King.

The princess the Belgians would like to add to the short list is Princess Alexandra of Kent.

But Princess Alexandra has a life of her own and twice rumors hopefully linking her name with the King's died out and have not since been revived.

Princess Alexandra was not at the ball. She was visiting cousins in Germany.

On the short list, however, is Princess Alexandra's cousin, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, who lives in Paris.

Princess Elizabeth is attractive in a natural way, is an outdoor girl, carefree, and democratic.

Although there was a time when she would appear at semi-official functions in jeans or tweeds, those days have passed.

She now has the flair for dressing of her aunt, the Duchess of Kent.

Although Princess Elizabeth was not at the ball, she is considered most eligible, as is Princess Maria Christina of Savoy-Aosta.

But the hopes of the Belgians are high that the King will marry Princess Marie-Therese, and the words of the President of the Senate, uttered just before the ball, "Before long I hope to have an announcement which will cause joy in the entire country and the Royal Family," are taken to mean just that.

ELABORATE chandeliers lit the palace ballroom. Outside the castle, police controlled a crowd of 36,000 who watched the Royal guests arriving.

PRINCESS BIRGITTA, daughter of Princess Sibylla of Sweden, whom the King asked for his second dance.

LEFT: Flower - decorated buffet, where champagne flowed and the choicest food was served. King Baudouin drank only one glass of wine.

ABOVE: Chaperons tire, even at court balls, and this woman found a comfortable place to rest, her fur draped over her knees.

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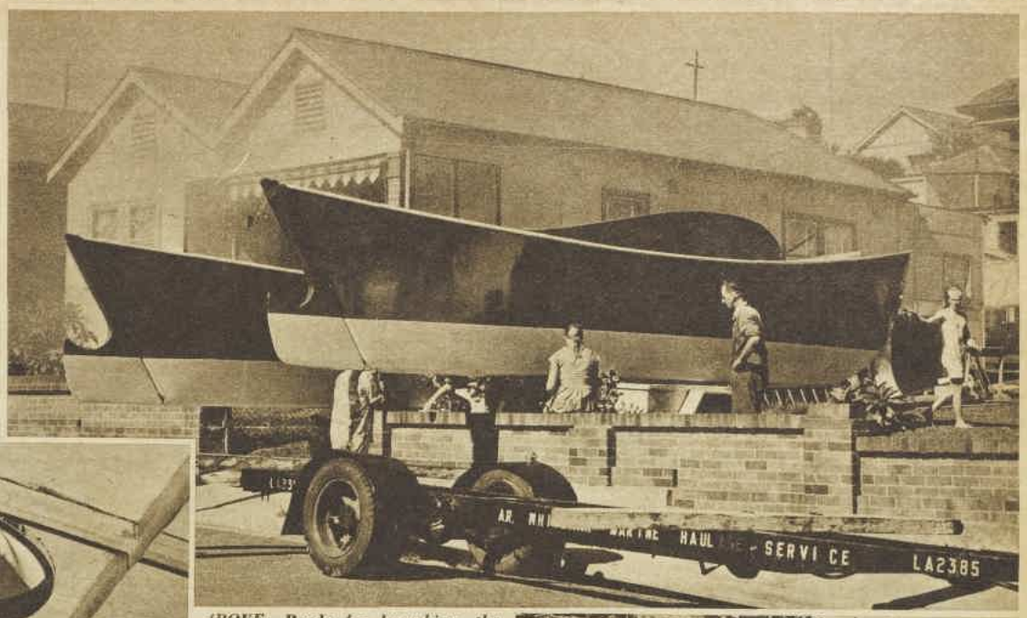
Around world—in catamaran

Built in snow, glued together, to fulfil dream

● Two Sydney bachelors who designed and prefabricated a Polynesian-type catamaran at Mt. Kosciusko, assembled it in a backyard at Earlwood, and launched it at Leichhardt plan to leave Sydney on May 20 to sail around the world.



ABOVE: Ready for launching, the catamaran was manoeuvred over the fence of the Earlwood, N.S.W., home of Tony Cooper (right) and taken by trailer to Leichhardt.

LEFT: Cramped "living quarters." Tony Cooper looks down an opening in a hull to a bunk (right) that is 7ft. long, 2ft. 3in. wide, and only 18in. high at its widest point.

THE two seagoing bachelors are:

Bill Hawkins, 36, of Dee Why, a marine engineer, Air Force fitter, electrician, yachtsman, surfer, skier, skin diver, and student glider pilot.

Tony Cooper, 30, of Earlwood, a cabinetmaker-carpenter, surfer, photographer, judo expert, and student navigator and glider pilot.

And when these two powerful six-footers became firm friends some years ago while helping to build snow huts at Kosciusko they decided that one day they would circumnavigate the world in a catamaran.

They even decided to call her "Udra Patara," which in Sanskrit means "Flying Water Animal."

Science, skill

The catamaran idea developed in two ways: Tony Cooper had made a model from reports of catamarans in Hawaii.

And Bill Hawkins, who once held the record for paddling a surf-ski from Manly to Maroubra, and who, during World War II, paddled a native canoe 70 miles between Kiriwina and Goodenough Islands, off New Guinea, "just to see how she would go," was particularly interested in the boats used in ancient Polynesian voyages.

But the Hawkins-Cooper craft was to be a catamaran with a difference, in which the principles of aerodynamics would be blended with the skill of early Polynesian boat designers.

One night two years ago the two men drew a full-size plan of their catamaran on the floor of the Ski Club of Australia at the Chalet—a unique birthplace for a boat.

Then, bit by bit, they transferred the plan to marine plywood and began to prefabricate their boat.

They worked through two Alpine winters, when Bill Hawkins, the engineer at the Chalet, found time to do some ski-ing and win the Rosemary Cup ("everyone else fell down") and to take part in snow rescues.

Then last February they packed their catamaran pieces on a truck and brought them to Sydney, where they began to assemble them in a shed in the backyard of Tony Cooper's Earlwood home.

Before assembly, each piece of the vessel was weighed to achieve perfect balance.

The catamaran, now at Careening Cove, Kirribilli, consists of two hulls like deep, knife-thin canoes, linked by a section shaped like part of an aeroplane wing.

The craft is propelled by sails from a 32ft. mast—conventional mainsail and jib when beating to windward, and twin side-set spinnakers when running.

The catamaran is no miniature; the hulls are 35ft. long, with a maximum width of

By RONALD McKIE

only 2ft. 3in.; the total width of the wing, which connects the two hulls, is 11ft. 8in.; and the total weight with 800lb. of stores, gear, and crew is 2600lb., or more than a ton.

Because the hulls draw only 15in., the wing is high above the water. This allows air to flow between the hulls and helps to lift the boat as she gains speed.

"She isn't as safe as a conventional craft," Bill Hawkins admits, "because she is designed for what we want — speed.

"We hope that in a strong wind she'll do between 20 and 30 knots — the speed of a cruiser — and that will suit us fine.

"A catamaran built in Hawaii carries 16 passengers at 22 knots in a good wind, and another, the Hawaiian Surf, which took part in a Honolulu-San Francisco yacht race (though not as a competitor) against conventional yachts up to more than 90ft, 'surfed' at 30 knots in a 45 m.p.h. wind, and reached San Francisco 26 hours ahead of any other boat."

The catamaran is built entirely of thin marine plywood held together with glue. Yes — glue!

Up to her waterline the hulls are covered with fibre-glass as protection against damage and attack by marine life.

In the two separated hulls are 10 watertight compartments. Two are for stores and gear. Two are for water and fuel — the catamaran carries an outboard motor — stored in fibre-glass tanks moulded to the sides of the hulls. And two are for living space.

Cramped area

"Living space" is a wildly exaggerated term. The area is only 5ft. 6in. long, 6ft. deep, and 2ft. 3in. at its widest, the top. You can stand in it and just about sit down if your hips aren't too wide.

To sleep in the catamaran you crawl from the living space in either hull through an opening into a narrow, low bunk in the curved wing of the craft.

CO-BUILDERS Tony Cooper and Bill Hawkins. Cooper has his feet in the entrance to the "emergency" engine room; Hawkins is at the galley opening.

The bunk is 7ft. long, 2ft. 3in. wide, and only 18in. high at its highest point.

The aft, and thinnest, section of the wing also contains a combined steering compartment and chart room, and a galley containing a small fuel stove and a miniature stainless sink. The stove is suspended at the base and swings, so that no matter what angle the boat, the stove is always level.

Safety belt

This total area is so small that you can't even sit in it. You sit on the deck, at the extreme stern end of the wing, and put your feet into the compartment.

So that, except for the covering of the compartment, which lifts up and clamps to give a little protection when the catamaran is under sail, the steersman is continually exposed to sun, sea, and wind as he steers the boat with a tiller connected to two rudders on the hulls.

As his position is not only exposed but dangerous in rough weather, he wears a safety belt attached to a wire cable from the mast.

One of the nasty habits of catamarans is to "pitchpole." As they ride over a wave and head down its other side they are inclined, if travelling fast, to nose in and tip over.

To prevent this, the designers have installed two retractable fins, like the pectoral fins of a shark, near the bows of the hulls.

The fins will act, like the landing-flaps on a plane, to control pitchpoling.

Bill Hawkins and Tony Cooper plan, as the first stage of their round-the-world voyage, to go to the Barrier Reef, and then to Darwin, Indonesia, Singapore, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Mediterranean, England.

But they don't want to do all their sailing at sea. They hope to explore the canals and rivers of Holland and Germany, and one of their longest trips will be to sail up the St. Lawrence River, take the catamaran overland to the headwaters of the Mississippi, and then sail down to New Orleans at its mouth.

"As money will be a bit of a problem," Bill Hawkins said, "we hope to earn a bit along the way by giving people rides, selling models, even taking jobs if we can get them.

"We may even give surf-riding demonstrations because we're taking a board with us as a lifeboat in case our unsinkable boat sinks.

"We won't mind what we do so long as we see the world from the 'Udra Patara'."

LEFT: Seated on the section that links the two hulls, Hawkins and Cooper plan their world voyage.

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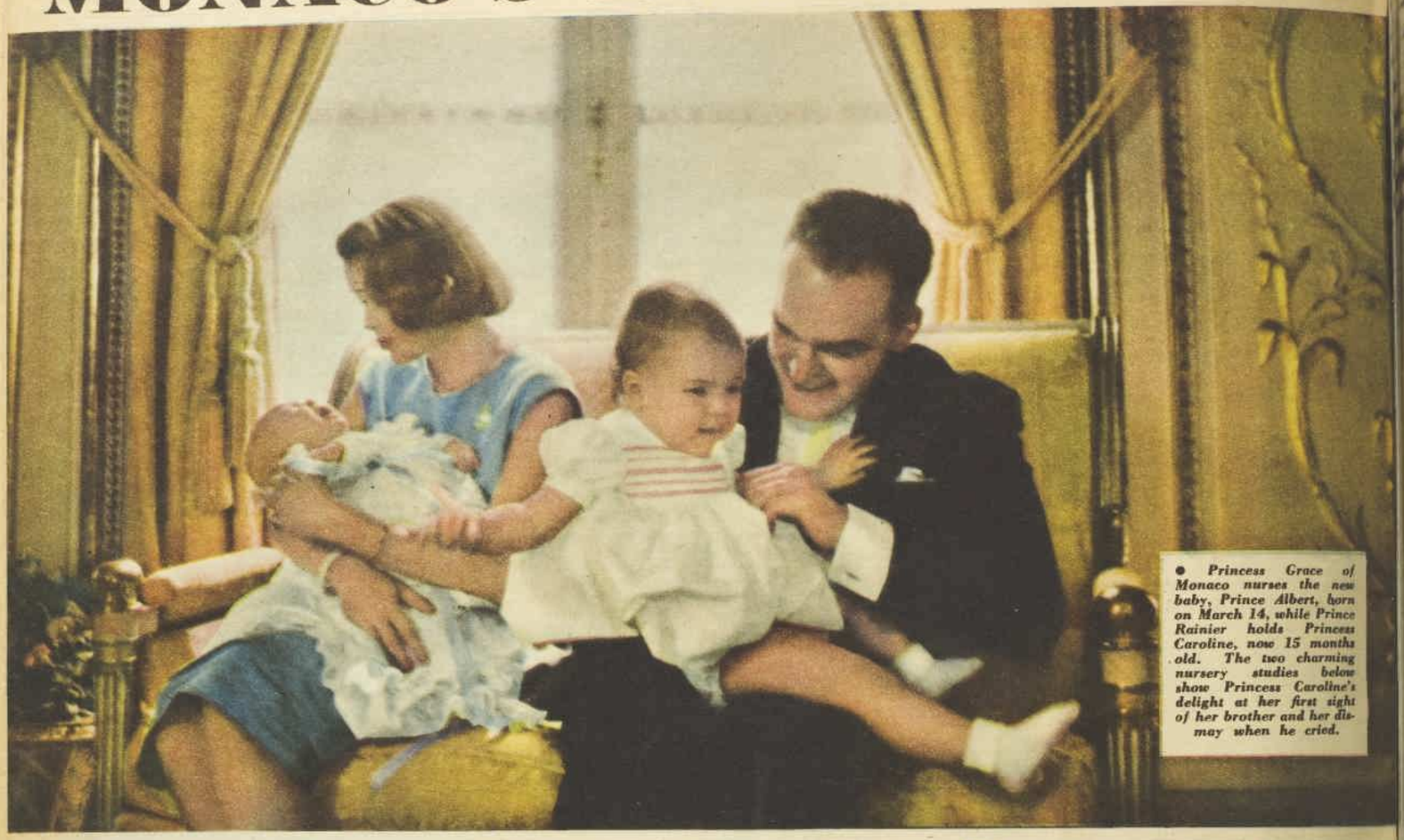
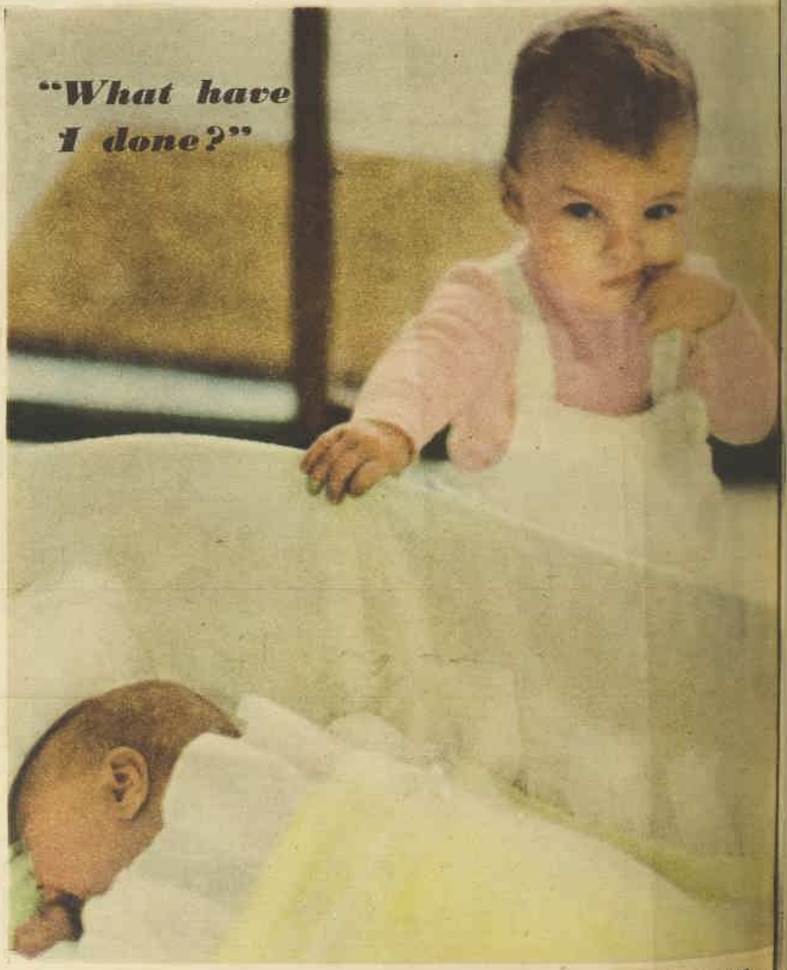
MONACO'S ROYAL FAMILY



● *Princess Grace of Monaco nurses the new baby, Prince Albert, born on March 14, while Prince Rainier holds Princess Caroline, now 15 months old. The two charming nursery studies below show Princess Caroline's delight at her first sight of her brother and her dismay when he cried.*

"Look what I found!"



"What have I done?"

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The new Prince

● *Prince Albert, Marquis de Baux, poses in his christening robe. The title, which has been in Prince Rainier's family for centuries, derives from a beautiful old city in Provence.*

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"Now, if I were doing that——"

"If you won't be needing your bedroom any more, we can use it as a rumpus room."

It seems to me

A CERTAIN amount of long-hair James-Deanery has surrounded the memory of the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas since his death in 1953.

The result has been that lots of people (including myself) knew plenty about the character of Thomas and how much he drank, without knowing a great deal of his work.

Indeed, as often happens with cults, there was a tendency among anti-cultists to develop a resistance to the subject.

Such resistance as I had was dispelled by the Emlyn Williams programme "A Boy Growing Up," which consists mainly of extracts from Thomas' stories about his youth.

After seeing the Dickens programme twice, it took me ten minutes or so to get used to Emlyn Williams without the Dickens beard and the red desk.

But by the time he reached "The Outing" I was sold again.

In "The Outing," a story about a Welsh pub-crawl in a bus, Williams peopled the empty stage with characters just as vividly as he did with Bob Sawyer's "Bachelor Party."

For that matter, this is what Williams does throughout his programmes. From a bare stage he creates people and scenery, and you come away with the pictures as vividly fixed in your mind as if they had been in Cinema-Scope.

* * *

IN order to go to Emlyn Williams I had to tear myself away from that new cupboard I mentioned last week.

For various reasons the adventures with it didn't fit into a day. They turned into a serial story, and I am beginning to notice a peculiar look come over the faces of listeners when I mention the subject.

The permutations of arrangement for the contents of 25 shelves are quite marvellous. At least they're marvellous to me. You can't expect other people to care.

"You know," said a colleague the other day, "your holidays ought to do you some real good this year. Or do you plan to take the cupboard with you?"

* * *

SOON after that paragraph about the swagmen's marks on gateposts (30/4/'58) a friend rang to tell me that she had heard that the "okay" sign was a "Z" scratched low on the post.

"You wouldn't have seen it unless you knew where to look," she said, "because it was purposely placed where the grass would grow up and hide it."

Last week I had a letter from a reader in Underdale, South Australia, who said: "When I lived in the country for 12 years before coming to the city I had such a swarm of swaggies at the back door for meals, including one old boy regularly every month, that I had to ask why they all seemed to pick me out. I found that at a shed in the sheep yards (sleeping accommodation) my address was written on the walls as 'a real beaut.' "

THOSE "living garages" that the American magazines are featuring get bigger and better with every issue.

One publication gave ten pages last month to what it calls this new "living trend."

Masses of large colored pictures show garages used as playrooms, as settings for buffet parties (complete with stoves and TV sets). Some are a riot of indoor plants. All are curtained, painted, upholstered, and interior-decorated like mad.

The system turns "dead space into living space." And where, you may well ask, is the car or cars?

If you have a smallish garage you can follow the advice of one advertisement in the section and "roll the automobile out on to the apron. If you're lucky enough to own a Mammothmobile," adds the copywriter, "be prepared for admiring neighbors."

Since many cars in recent years have been designed specifically for showing off, it is obvious that having a garage is a mistake. Why not keep it in full view on the front lawn all the time and drive the neighbors crazy with envy?

Other pictures show the car as a centre-piece to all the gay goings-on. These shrines, should any of them be preserved for later generations, will provide interesting evidence of the worship-objects of the 20th century.

* * *

THE editors of that American monthly which calls itself "The magazine of togetherness" must be regretting the tag-line these days.

What they intended was to evoke a nice, cosy, strictly conventional family atmosphere.

Subsequently the word "togetherness" took on a more sophisticated meaning. The phrase "togetherness tours" is freely used for such world-wide junketings as that of Miss Linda Christian and millionaire Francisco Pignatari.

Which shows that on the whole it's safer to stick to the dictionary than to coin words.

* * *

DR. HANS HASS and a colleague, Dr. Koenig, both authorities on marine life, say that fish talk to each other.

In the watery depths of sea
Fish may chat like you and me.
What they say is not too clear
To a human, should he hear.
Still they only need and wish
To be heard by other fish . . .
"Saw her swimming after dark,
Chatting to a well-known shark."
Gossiping of who likes who,
What the sea is coming to,
Taking comfort day by day,
Not in what the others say,
But in how the universe
Would be lonelier and worse
If a fish could not rejoice
At another fishy voice.

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THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● All over Australia Girl Guides go camping during the May school holidays. Usually by day they learn camp-craft and explore the bushland; at night they sit around the campfire and sing. When Lord Baden-Powell founded the Boy Scout Movement in England in 1909, there was such an outcry from English girls for a similar movement that the Chief Scout asked his sister, Agnes Baden-Powell, to organise the Girl Guides. The Australian Girl Guides' movement, launched the following year, now has 56,000 members. Lord Baden-Powell's widow, Lady Baden-Powell, who visited Australia earlier this year, has been world Chief Guide since 1930, leading the movement in 44 countries. Staff photographer Ron Berg took this picture of a Girl Guide company in the State forest at Wallerawang, N.S.W.

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Goya

Gardenia

Delicate Gardenia — captured for you in its loveliest form. Captivating, full of warmth, yet delicate with its dew-fresh fragrance.

GARDENIA TALCUM POWDER

Superfine *Talcum Powder*, fragrant with Goya Gardenia. Effective, modern deodorant for all-day freshness. 5/9.

GARDENIA PERFUME

Famous Goya Gardenia *Perfume* in handy handbag phial — fits easily into even the smallest purse — 5/9.

GARDENIA SKIN PERFUME

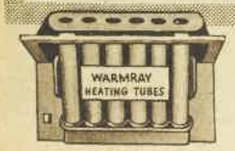
Wonderful *Skin Perfume* in delicate Goya Gardenia. Gay, refreshing, completely feminine. 6/6.

GOYA LONDON • 3 RUE SCRIBE NEW YORK • PARIS MELBOURNE

NOTHING EQUALS the amazing efficiency of Warmray

TRIPLE-PURPOSE, SLOW-COMBUSTION, AIR-CONDITIONING HOME HEATER

Model No. 3 Super De Luxe. Capacity over 8,000 cu. ft. Installs in rooms without fireplaces. Cuts fuel by 75%.



The secret of Warmray's amazing efficiency is the Patented Heating Tubes (here shown) built into the firebox. The air in the room passes through these tubes continuously, thus maintaining an even warmth in every part of the room.

BURNS ALL SOLID FUELS • WOOD IS CLEANEST

SOLD BY STORES, BUILDERS' SUPPLIERS AND HARDWARE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

WARMRAY PTY. LTD.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributors
Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney. BL 2217

If unobtainable locally, phone, write or call for illustrated Brochure and name of nearest agent

BRISBANE entrant Mrs. Colin Hill and her husband after their wedding last month. Picture by Daniel R. Jones, West End, Brisbane.

BRIDE QUEST

● The Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest is now in its 14th week, and New South Wales holds a strong lead over other States in the number of candidates who have entered.

AN enthusiastic response to the Quest has put Queensland in second place.

Victoria comes third, followed, in order, by South Australia, the Northern Territory, and the Australian Capital Territory.

As yet there have been no candidates from Western Australia or Tasmania.

Any girl now entering the Quest from these two States would have not only a chance of winning the main prize but a very good chance of the State award—a honeymoon trip to Surfers' Paradise.

First prize for the "Bride of the Year"—the girl who raises the most money for Red Cross—is a honeymoon trip round the world by Qantas Super G Constellation plus £1000 spending money given by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

Gold Coast holiday for two as guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce will be won by the eight girls (other than the first-prize winner) who raise the greatest sum of money in each State, the Australian Capital Territory, and the Northern Territory.

This week's entrants are a Brisbane bride, Mrs. Colin Hill, and Mrs. Warwick Spies, of Mudgee, N.S.W.

Mrs. Hill, the former Nancy Dicker, of Auchenflower, made the silver embroidered gown she wore when she married last month at St. James' Church, Newmarket, Brisbane.

She is a renowned cook and holds the Double Diploma from the famous Cordon Bleu Cookery School in Paris.

Nancy's husband, Colin, is anxious to help her raise funds for Red Cross.

Mrs. Warwick Spies also entered the Quest because of her interest in the work of Red Cross.

Before her wedding last March Mrs. Spies was Wendy Barlow.

Any girl who is a natural-born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, can enter the Quest.

Closing date for the "Bride of the Year" Quest is June 30; all moneys raised by contestants must be paid to the credit of the Australian Red Cross Society by July 15.

For entry forms and all inquiries write to:

N.S.W. Division: Red Cross House, 27 Jamison St., Sydney.

Vic. Division: 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

Qld. Division: 409 Adelaide St., Brisbane.

S.A. Division: 8-12 Stephen Place, Adelaide.

Tas. Division: 53 Collins St., Hobart.

A.C.T. Division: P.O. Box 82, G.P.O., Canberra.

N.T. Division: P.O. Box 81, Darwin.

W.A.: Address all correspondence to Red Cross National Headquarters, 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

CANDIDATE from Mudgee is pretty young bride Mrs Warwick Spies. Before her marriage Mrs. Spies was Wendy Barlow, of Mudgee. Picture by Nelson Dormer, Mudgee.

Color contest prize

● Winner of this week's £10 progress prize in our £1500 Color Scheme Contest is Mrs. J. Glasscock, of New Farm, Qld.

MRS. Glasscock's entry satisfied the judges on all counts—attractiveness, practicality, originality, and presentation.

Remember, the Color Scheme Contest closes on June 9, so send in your entry now.

You can have a lot of fun preparing your entry and at the same time give yourself the chance of winning the £1000 1st prize, £200 2nd prize, £50 3rd prize, £100 in consolation prizes (three of £20, four of £10), or a £10 progress prize.

It's a very simple contest; all you have to do is choose color schemes for a lounge-room (14ft. by 20ft.), a kitchen, and a bathroom.

Funds raised by the Color Scheme Contest will help the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

Colors required are for:

LOUNGE: Ceiling, walls, floor coverings, curtains, furnishings.

KITCHEN: Ceiling, walls, cupboards, floor, main equipment (stove, refrigerator, etc.).

BATHROOM: Ceiling, walls, floor, main fittings (bath, basin, etc.).

Colors must be illustrated with samples cut from advertising or editorial pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, using any one or more of the issues dated February 19 and subsequent issues up to that dated June 11.

The page number and date of the issue from which the sample is cut must be shown.

Samples need not be given for black or white, just name them under the appropriate heading.

You may give as much detail as you wish, but the only essentials are those above.

Every entry must be accompanied by an entry coupon and 1/- in stamps or postal notes for the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

This contest and the "Bride of the Year" Quest are governed by the rules as published in our issue of February 19.

ENTRY COUPON

COLOR SCHEME CONTEST,
Box 7052 R.C., G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name .....
BLOCK LETTERS

Address .....

.....

I enclose 1/- entry fee to support ★ ..... a candidate in the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.
★ If you do not name a candidate the entry fee will go to a common fund to be divided equally among all candidates.

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Picnic Races at Cootamundra

THE HORSES PARADE before the third race while Robin Rose (left), of Muttama, her fiance, John Miller, of Cootamundra, and Mrs. David Bateson try to pick a winner. Robin's schoolboy brother, Bill Rose, won the last race, riding Lord Bambi.

UNDER THE PEPPERCORN TREE are Mike Forster and two of his house-guests, Roslyn Weedon, of "Walwa," Breadalbane (left), and Judy Kater, of "Gillawarrina," Trangie. As well as ten of Mike's young friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Lindsay, of "Cucumgilliga," Cowra, stayed with the Forsters out at "Willows," Cootamundra.

DANCING at the picnic race ball in the Cootamundra Town Hall are Roland Forsyth and his wife, who wore a green-spotted white organza dress. At midnight, the band left the stage and led a conga line of dancers.

THE warm, sunny weather lured more than 1000 people out to the tree-lined racecourse at Cootamundra for the Southern District Picnic Race Club's annual meeting—and it was certainly a wonderful meeting, with the first race at midday and the last dance at dawn.

After three races came the lunch break, with everybody making a bee-line for the various picnic hampers being unpacked from the boots of cars. One of the most informal luncheons was the one given for all the young teenagers home on school holidays — some of them, like Juliet Osborne, of Harden, Jill Tait, of Coolac, and Juliet Ashton, of Binda, attending their very first grown-up picnics.

• • •

I CERTAINLY admired "Bud" Forster's calm efficiency — coping with the official luncheon, presenting race trophies, dispensing afternoon-tea, hostessing a dinner party for the visiting presidents, then dancing with unflagging energy at the ball . . . "It's no trouble at all," she assured me.

HAD a chat with Mrs. Ernie Merriman, of Canberra, at the president's luncheon — she looked so elegant in a cocoa wool jersey suit with a rose-embroidered beige cashmere pullover and a mink stole handy to keep off any chill breezes. The Merrimans, who had a couple of horses running, were house-guests of the Allan Braggs, at "Landgrove."

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . I said "bon voyage" to Mrs. Cecil Last—she is off this week by plane to England, travelling through America and returning home in October . . . one of the prettiest short dresses at the ball was Mrs. Stephen Gray's, of masses of drifting pink-and-grey tulle with a tucked, square neck-line.

Anne

AT RIGHT: Pretty sisters Marie-Ann (left) and Nonie Scott, of "Panuara," Junee, with Colarea before the second race. Both wore Alice bands on their hair, one green velvet, the other pink silk.

ABOVE: Three pretty girls all in white at the ball are (from left) Jayne Joyce, of Harden, Pam Whitechurch, of Young, and Gail Lanham, of Harden. Guests at the ball danced on far into the dawn.

PRESIDENT of the Southern District Picnic Race Club, Ken Forster (second from right), his wife, "Bud" (left), with the president of the Young Picnic Race Club, Jim Davidson, and his wife, Antilla, who drove from Young that morning.

A POST-MORTEM ON THE LAST RACE for young punters (from left) Joe Manning, of Cootamundra, Louise Le Roux, of Moorooduc, Vic., Jenny Meares, of Forbes, Peter Macneil, of Yass, and Phillip Miller, of Cootamundra, as the horses return to the weighing enclosure. The quintet were among the 100 young guests at the dinner party given by the Ralph Wards and their son Stephen at their home, "Gilgal," Frampton, before the gala ball.

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EXCITING

TELEVISION ADVANCE!

NEW SLIMLINE..ONLY 14 inches DEEP

FITS FLUSH AGAINST WALL!

Bigger-than-ever picture and Australia's slimmest, most luxuriously-styled cabinets

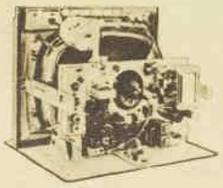
Only Admiral could do it—bring you such a vast range of models covering all the most-wanted styling highlights, all the most-proven technical advances! *Now*, every Admiral receiver is *Slimline styled*—every receiver is protected by automation's foolproof printed circuits. There's more style, more power, more *value* in the Admiral range—now on display at all accredited Admiral retailers. There's a model priced from only 209 guineas.

Admiral

Admiral

World's Largest Television Manufacturer
Australia's Largest Television Manufacturer

BIGGEST PICTURE . . . SLIMMEST CABINETS



EXCLUSIVE! Fool-proof printed circuits for reliability!

Power-packed vertical chassis is easy to get at, gives years of reliable trouble-free service. Wiring is "printed" automatically, fixed for a lifetime.

Only Admiral has flush-fitting straight back!

Absolutely *no* protuberances to stop the cabinet fitting *flush* against the wall . . . not even the usual, awkward "bell." Flush-fitting, 14"-deep cabinet makes positioning easy, even in the smallest room.

AD54171/PPC

OVER 8 MILLION ADMIRAL SETS NOW IN USE ALL OVER THE WORLD

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TeleVision Parade

● At Channel 2 there's someone with a marked ability for picking winners when it comes to compères for their popular afternoon show, "Woman's World."

By
CYNTHIA STRACHAN

FIRST there was the clever—and amazingly competent — Mary Rossi, who went into temporary retirement recently to have her sixth child, and now is back in charge of the Tuesday session at 4 p.m.

She thought it might be a bit much also to manage the Thursday "Woman's World" (same time-slot), and the job once more was given to a family woman—this time to an equally competent grandmother, Mary Mackay.

Irish-born Mary Mackay has appeared in theatre, variety, and radio in most parts of the world, and seven years ago, following her married son's lead, she settled in Australia, where her last stage role was in "The Chalk Garden."

She's turned out to be a TV natural, and is concentrating on making her sessions as widely varied and bright as possible.

"I think housewives want a cheer-up when they settle with their afternoon TV shows," she said.

"I quite agree with the people who say they don't want purely 'kitchen-sink' shows. We should also be practical.

"After all, what woman wants to see how to make an apple pie when she's probably been making them for 20 years and can easily follow directions in a cookbook if she hasn't? She'd be much more interested in learning ways to arrange savories for a dinner party."

★ ★ ★

WITH all this talk about equal pay for women, it's little wonder the menfolk are getting touchy.

This probably explains the sentiments behind the letter a male televiewer wrote to Hollywood's Johnny Weissmuller, who played the title-role in the "Jungle Jim" series recently screened on Channel 9.

"Do I look O.K.? Zorro will be on in a few minutes!"

"Permit me to congratulate you," said the man. "You see, I am a father, and you're the only guy playing a father on TV who is not being made a fool of."

Strong, fearless Jungle Jim spent his time getting his screen son out of trouble and teaching him a good lesson at the same time, and I see what his fan meant, because most other TV fathers are the rather-sweet but soft-headed members of households.

If you've never thought of this before, just take a look at the "heads" of the house in "Life of Riley" (Channel 2, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.), "Father Knows Best" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.), and "Leave It To Beaver" (Channel 7, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.).

★ ★ ★

FROM what I read of Russian programmes, it will be a wicked waste of Sputniks if the Soviet carries out its threat to put several TV-relay satellites in orbit, bringing Red TV to every corner of the globe.

Granted it might be well worth switching from normal Sydney programmes to occasional telecasts of ballet from the famous Bolshoi Theatre or concerts from the Moscow Conservatory.

But the average daily fare sounds about as exhilarating as a tour of the Siberian salt-mines.

If you want a cure for any local viewing blues you might have, just take a look at this typical night's programme from Moscow's Channel 1:

It stared at 7 p.m. with a talk for children on electricity. Then followed a 10-minute commentary on world affairs; a 30-minute report on "Youth on the Collective Farm"; a 30-minute session on body-building for middle-aged people; a report to soldiers; a talk on the arts; and a variety show televised from Moscow's Variety Theatre.

That anyone should stay conscious long enough to enjoy the variety is, I feel, asking too much even of the staunchest comrade.

MARY MACKAY (above) and (left) Mary Rossi with her daughter, Mary Ann. Mary Rossi and Mary Mackay are the mother-and-grandmother team who make such a success of ABC-TV's "Woman's World."

TV car sets, called the XTP-1, are the latest thing in America. The set has a nine-inch screen mounted in the back of the front seat to comply with the U.S. law which states that a driver cannot have any distraction while operating his vehicle.

The salesman's pitch wouldn't, I feel, carry a great deal of weight with Australians.

They say that the children get bored on long Sunday-afternoon drives, but with a set in the car Mum and Dad can enjoy themselves undisturbed in the front seat.

Sounds like very expensive peace to me, but the set can be plugged in in the house, too.

ELNA the world's FIRST free arm and fully automatic sewing machine

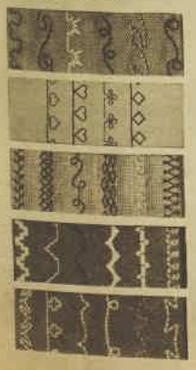
SWISS PRECISION AT ITS BEST

AUTOMATIC BUTTONHOLES

Turkish Hemstitching

"Point de Paris"

Wonderful range of stitches.



the machine that still leads the world today in simplicity of operation — variety of stitches and quality features.

No matter what others claim, the new ELNA Supermatic does more sewing automatically than any other make . . . it's the world's best value. For perfect buttonholes in seconds, simply drop in the buttonhole disc . . . you do not even have to turn for the second row of stitches.

ELNA is the first household sewing machine to produce Turkish Hemstitching and "Point de Paris"—and automatically, too. The ELNA Supermatic simply pours out unlimited glamor stitches that no other machine can make perfectly at normal straight sewing speeds—and just as easily.

The ELNA Supermatic is designed to do every sewing job efficiently for you, from patching and repairs to the most intricate, fashionable, and exclusive embroidery stitches, and automatically, too.

ELNA is never outdated—as new stitch designs become available, you simply add them to your collection.

Elna—it's the world's greatest home-maker with so many exclusive features

- Elna, the first household sewing machine with the "Free Arm" for darning, mending, etc.
- Elna, the only lightweight portable with carry case that opens up to provide a full-sized work table.
- Elna has a special precision regulator for the lower thread tension—indispensable for sewing with nylon and other synthetic thread.
- Elna is really fully automatic. It sews to the left and the right and, above all, backwards and forwards without your assistance.
- Elna is sold and serviced in 105 countries throughout the world. In Australia and New Zealand it is backed by a permanent organisation that will honor the Elna 10-year guarantee and ensure constant service, spare parts and accessories.

£98/10/-
Available on Easy Terms

ELNA Supermatic
SWISS PRECISION AT ITS BEST

CALL, WRITE OR 'PHONE FOR FREE LITERATURE OR SPECIAL PRESENTATION IN YOUR HOME OR ELNA SHOWROOMS.

AVAILABLE IN AUSTRALIA FROM ROBERTSON REVERSIBLE SEWING MACHINE PTY. LTD.
453 Pitt Street, Sydney, MA3487 (Opp. Hotel Sydney, between Hay and Campbell Sts.)

ALSO AT ALBURY, MELBOURNE, AND THROUGHOUT NEW ZEALAND. BEBARFALDS: SYDNEY, PARRAMATTA, CARINGBAH, WOLLONGONG, NEWCASTLE; ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, COOMA; ALLEN'S OF ADELAIDE.

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MAISON DIOR PARADE IN NEW YORK

A parade of the House of Dior spring collection was the highlight of the recent "April in Paris" gala charity ball held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. Six beautiful mannequins—five of them visited Australia last year for our Dior parades—and exciting fashions by young designer Yves Saint-Laurent were specially flown from Paris and applauded by the brilliantly dressed audience.

"PERICHOLE," Saint-Laurent's decollete evening gown in vivid orange-and-beige printed taffeta. Dior's favorite mannequin, Lucky, lifts up the tiered skirt to show matching needle-point shoes as she picks her way between the tables at the "April in Paris" Ball. She wears a gay topknot to match, and rows and rows of crystal beads. The pictures on these two pages were taken by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.

"REVERIE," an elegant sky-blue chiffon evening gown from the House of Dior. Draped Grecian-style to one side, with a single shoulder-strap, it is worn to perfection by tall, statuesque France, here assisted by a volunteer usher from the audience.

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"FIESTA." Brilliant orange-red twill evening gown shown by Svetlana. The full skirt is finely pleated and a matching fringed silk sash ties high at the waist. Footmen wearing trails of green ivy over their livery added to the springlike decor for the "April in Paris" ball.

"TRAPEZE" (above). Yves Saint-Laurent's trapeze line is seen at its most elegant in this simple jet-black dress worn by Odile. Only trimming is a self-material bow.

"BACCARAT" (below), a high-waisted evening gown in grey-and-white printed faille, the very short skirt tapering into a train. Model France wears shoes to match.

"REDOUTE." Lucky wears this daring evening version of the trapeze in black faille. The short full skirt falls from a wide black satin band over the bosom. A sparkling brooch is the only ornament.

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He's looking at you . . . are you looking your best?

You owe it to your audience to wear

KAYSER 1-2-3's

30 denier proportioned length nylons

It's so nice to have a man around the house, 'specially when he so obviously admires your Kayser 1-2-3's. Yes, you hit the nail right on the head when you chose attractive, long wearing 1-2-3's for everyday wear. Another point we'd like to hammer home is that Kayser 1-2-3's are available in 3 proportioned leg lengths. That means perfect fit, longer wear, greater comfort.

12'6

Slightly less in some States.

Fashion toned to harmonise with your natural skin colouring

KAYSER NYLONS

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IN view of the number of young escapees from places of detention, I'm surprised that the Australian Government hasn't found a better means of detention. A training ship might fill the bill by coping with youths' spirit of adventure, as well as supplying the necessary discipline. They wouldn't easily escape from a ship, nor would they want to if they were provided with incentives. Too often sheer boredom has been the cause of their straying in the first place, and if they were shown a new way of life they might yet make useful citizens.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Nixon, 232 Canning Highway, East Fremantle, W.A.

IT is high time the attention of the public was drawn to the wholesale slaughter of a fast-dying race of animals unique in Australia, namely, the red kangaroo. These magnificent animals are being murdered by so-called "sportsmen" who go hunting in motorised packs, using every brand of gun, with no idea of the damage they are doing to one of the dollar-making assets of Australia. Not only is 'roo skin the best leather in the world but the red 'roo is far too slow a breeder to keep up with these murderous drives. Certainly they are a menace on some st tions, but surely it would be better to let a professional remove them as humanely as possible rather than pump them full of bullets, leave them to die unskinned, some of them lingering in agony for weeks. Is this sort of thing to continue unchecked?

10/6 to Ruth R. Dowling, "Wallaby Hill" Zoo, Burpengary, N.C. Line, Qld.

WHY are the names given to tradesmen's tools so misleading? When your husband asks you to buy him an inch bush at the hardware store, do you get the tiny tree you expect? Not you. The salesman gives you a small metal object, which you take home in fear and trembling, only to receive a grateful pat on the back and a "Good on you, Mum, just the thing I wanted to seal off the end of the water pipe!" Yesterday my man yelled to me to bring him his footprints. I resisted the impulse to phone the psychiatrist and searched frantically in the toolbox hoping for a clue. When his patience was exhausted he rushed in and grabbed an odd-looking spanner from right under my nose. It makes life difficult for us wives!

10/6 to Mrs. A. Gaul, 29 Clarence Street, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

IT was on a rather busy street in Newtown, when suddenly there was a loud yelp. Everyone rushed out and saw a poor dog lying in agony on the road, while the vehicle kept going. I think if someone knocks a dog down, he should report it to the police so that the animal can be attended to. If someone could drive off from a dog, he could do the same with a human being.

10/6 to Mrs. C. Johansson, 144 Australia Street, Newtown, N.S.W.

I UNDERSTAND there is now a law making it an offence for an adult to offer a lift in a car to a child without the parents' consent or knowledge. This is a very wise precaution. Some years ago my eldest little girl was offered 10/- to hop in a car and give the driver verbal instructions to a lonely spot some miles away. Thank God she remembered our advice. Since then I have instructed them to jot down the number of the car by scratching it on the road or in the sand, and in this way perhaps some brake can be applied to the senseless crimes committed against innocent little ones.

10/6 to Mrs. V. M. Swift, 22 Minilya Avenue, Hilton Park, W.A.

Transparent lids

I HEARTILY agree with Miss Ellis' recent remarks regarding transparent lids to saucepans. One of the most useful articles in my home is an electric kettle. It is impossible, by any means so far as I am aware, to tell whether and/or when the thing is actually boiling. The lid cannot be lifted without first removing the plug, by which time, even if once boiled, the water has gone off the boil. It is for these things particularly that I would plead with manufacturers to make glass lids.

10/6 to Mrs. Eveleen F. Smith, 271 Springvale Road, Forest Hill, Vic.

Family affairs

UNTIL recently our family of two adults, one teenager, two small children, and a baby could have qualified for the title of "the untidiest family in Queensland." Now a miracle has taken place. How? A small box known as the Pound Box was installed in the kitchen. Every article left lying out of its proper place was impounded. To redeem the offending article the owner had to pay 1/- into a money-box, or, in the children's case, some small chore had to be done. All money collected is spent on something of use to the whole family—new glasses for the kitchen, or a new game.

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● ***Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

THE GRIM SWIM

SUMMER is over and the swimming mania has died down.

Just quietly (as waggish people used to say), I'm not sorry.

I know it's heresy to say this in Sydney, the home town of the Konrads Kids, the place where Murray Rose ate his first sunflower seeds.

But I think the craze for competitive swimming has gone too far.

Look at one of the big pools any evening in summer.

Dozens of boys and girls are grimly churning through the water, up and down, up and down.

Beside the pool coaches and parents kneel with stop-watches.

They call out things like: "63½! Very good, Elsie!" or "64½! Not good enough, Marilyn!"

If you jump in for an old-fashioned, non-competitive swim, you're in trouble.

Half-a-dozen earnest aquakids bear down on you, swimming twice as fast as you can.

You've got to get out of the way, or else.

I'm all in favor of swimming, but with more fun and less arithmetic.

The tendency is to start children younger and younger at this dreary stop-watch business.

An American writer said lately that Australia's swimming champions spend the first 16 years of their life under water.

He was guilty of only a mild exaggeration.

I wonder what these boys and girls reared by the stop-watch will be like later on.

I can picture the kitchen of a Mr. and Mrs. Mullet, both former Olympic swimmers.

Merv Mullet is looking at his stop-watch and frowning.

"Your time for making the toast was 5.31¼, Myra," he says. "Not up to your standard."

"I'm out of condition, Merv. It's all the sewing I've had to do for the school fete."

"I think you should eat more sunflower seeds."

"I'll do that, Merv."

"And your turns are too slow when you go to the dresser. Better practise them for an hour or two."

At breakfast young Craig Mullet gives a cry of triumph.

"I broke 15 seconds eating my Crunchy Flakes, Dad!"

"Nice work, son. Keep at it. You'll do better than that."

Soon Merv Mullet is ready to leave for work.

He stands tensely waiting for the starting signal.

When his wife shouts "Go!" he dives out the door.

Yes, it will be a strange life for people like the Mullets.

I hope too many of our young swimmers don't develop into queer fish.

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Second instalment of our mystery serial

THE FACELESS ADVERSARY

By Frances and Richard Lockridge

John watched anxiously while Barbara, with deft movements, described the cut of the frock to Mary Callahan.

WHEN JOHN HAYWARD, a New York bank executive, returns home late one Saturday night, happy in the thought of his future marriage with attractive BARBARA PHILLIPS, daughter of a vice-president of his bank, he is astonished to find two detectives, GRADY and SHAPIRO, waiting for him.

This is the beginning of a nightmare ordeal for him. He is taken to police headquarters, where he is questioned on the murder of a pretty red-headed girl named NORA EVANS, whom he protests he does not even know. John is convinced that it is all a mistake that will quickly be corrected, but as time and the questioning goes on he finds that the police have what they consider conclusive evidence that he did know the girl intimately.

They say he rented an apartment with her; they produce a cheque, apparently signed by him, for a month's rent; they show him two shirts taken from the girl's apartment, identical, even to the laundry mark, with the very shirt he is wearing; there is a photo of him in the apartment; he is identified by the caretaker of the building as the man who went to Nora Evans' apartment that afternoon around 3 o'clock.

To his statement that he spent the afternoon walking slowly back from his club to his apartment they point out he told a fellow member, PIT WOODSON, that he could not play bridge with him as he had an appointment.

When released on bail the following day John returns to his apartment to find in his wardrobe a strange sports jacket with a key which he is sure is the one to Nora's apartment. On his way to the bank he decides he will keep the key, as it may be useful. NOW READ ON:

THE main doors of the bank were closed and heavy wire mesh was locked across them. John walked past them to another door, and a uniformed guard looked out at him through the glass. The guard opened the door and said, in a voice so noticeably matter of fact as to be entirely unreal, "Good afternoon, sir." John said, "Afternoon, Barney," and went into the bank, and was conscious that the guard had turned and was looking after him.

John walked, and was conscious that he walked a little stiffly, through the bank's wide concourse, with the tellers' low, ornamentally screened counters on either side. Few looked up as he walked along the concourse, and those who did looked, rather quickly, down again at their work.

He went through the gate which led to the general offices and along a narrow corridor between closely set desks; through another gate into another general office, but one in which the desks were set at a dignified distance from one another, so that there was room for each to have beside it a chair for those who came to confer. One of these desks, in a preferred position near a window, was John Hayward's. His name was on it. His name was still on it.

Not all the desks in this more rarefied area were occupied, but some were, and their possessors looked up. They did not, as the tellers had, look embarrassedly away again; they greeted him with nods, with smiles fixed carefully noncommittal. It was as if they waited introduction to a stranger.

Then Henry Roberts got up from a desk near John's and came between desks, his hand held out ahead of him and a smile, which almost reached his eyes, firmly on his familiar face. By the time he reached John and shook his hand the smile had grown rigid. But it was still there.

He shook John's hand firmly, and at first without words. John waited for words.

"Just wanted you to know——" Roberts said, and shook even more firmly the hand he held. "What I mean is——" He let go of John's hand. "Gosh," he said, "what can a guy say?"

"I don't know, Hank," John said, and looked at Henry Roberts' eyes. He had in recent hours looked into the eyes of a good many people—of policemen, of a man trained in law, of an elevator operator. You could

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Something to dream

CAROL WILCOX heard the high treble voice coming down the stairs and across the hall, and put the iron on its asbestos mat. She grinned at her son as he wandered mooning into the kitchen, still droning.

"It's like having a bumble-bee round the place," she said. "I do wish you wouldn't hum quite so much." She switched the iron flex out of the way so that he couldn't trip on it, and like a sleepwalker he progressed to the kitchen and stood staring at its scarlet plastic surface as if it should have been something different.

"We had breakfast," she said gently, after a second, "an hour ago—remember?"

Puzzle withdrew from his dreamy hazel eyes—a smile crept slowly over his long, mobile mouth.

"Gosh, yes—sorry—I forgot." She bent towards the ironing again, but he still stood there, thin and small for his twelve years, but with a lithe energy pulsing under the dark eyes and tanned skin in spite of the deceptive fragility of his build.

"Hungry again, or still?" she asked. "There are some biscuits in the tin—get some milk out of the fridge—I'll have some, too . . ."

She put down the milk-frosted glass.

"Aren't you going out with the boys?"

"Oh, Mummy, not every weekend. They only want to fight, and what's the point?" he protested with a martyred air. "Tell you what, I'll go and do the shopping—then I'll play the piano a bit."

She swallowed a sigh and made her voice sound cheerful.

"Never mind the shopping. You go and get some sun and fresh air—it's a wonderful day. Then what about your homework? Later you can bang on the piano."

"It's okay," he said. "I'll do the shopping first. Just got to pick up something upstairs . . ."

Carol lifted the iron again. Once you could keep him to the point, Roddy was a nice child—vague, dreamy, but sweet . . . Upstairs suddenly burst forth a jangle which was not gramophone or radio. "Oh, dear . . ." she said, and switched off the iron.

Running up the stairs, two at a time, she cursed the sentimentality which had made her keep her grandmother's old piano. Even in the exile of Roddy's playroom it was an anachronism, a crazy, noise-producing possession, useless in an unmusical household. Not old enough to be a respectable antique, it must be, she thought, the twin of the one Mr. Lawrence had given Beth in "Little Women" with its battered candlesticks.

It wasn't normal the way Roddy enjoyed thumping on it, far beyond the age at which she and her brothers had ceased to take interest in its jangling reverberations. It was not as if there was any tune in the sounds he produced—just noise and fury, reminiscent of the music at the cinema when the shadowy door opens to admit a hand and a revolver. Above the cacophony, Roddy's thin little voice wailed.

Losing patience for a second, she marched forward and shut down the cover gently on his hands. He jumped round on the stool, looking so frightened that she hurried to apologise.

"Darling, I'm sorry I startled you. But wasn't there something you had to do first?"

"Gosh, Mummy—I'm sorry—I forgot."

"Well, never mind, but you really must try to be more on the spot, darling . . . Look, here's a basket. And don't forget that it's school on Monday and getting pretty near the exams . . ."

"Perhaps"—his face brightened—"I'd better not waste time playing."

"You'll play," she said firmly, "then you'll do an hour's homework. Then, if you must, you can make your horrible noises. First things first . . ."

She watched him out of the house and down the garden path, swinging the basket and dropping her purse, though to her relief he actually stopped to pick it up. It was all very well to be the absentminded professor type if you had something to profess, she thought, watching him disappear round the corner.

Going back to the kitchen, sprinkling water on to a checked cotton shirt, she thought maybe it was something to do with Roddy's age—at twelve things could be happening to his metabolism which might account for a lot. Only Roddy had been like that, dreamy, unpractical, vague, and utterly uninterested in the things other people's little boys were interested in, from the age of about three.

The checked shirt needed a button at the neck—she groped for her work basket in the kitchen cupboard. Funny how Roddy was so different from herself and from Hugh. One would have thought he might have taken after one of them at least.

Perhaps some ancestor, one side or the other, was responsible—if so, it would be helpful to know what the ancestor had done for a living . . . She laughed at herself—really there was plenty of time to worry about that.

All the same, Roddy was disconcerting. She remembered how disappointed Hugh had been that time, though he had never said so, after he had worked in the evenings for months over a present for Roddy's eighth birthday.

It had been a model railway layout, rails and station and tunnel sequence and bridges, on a hardboard and papier-mache base, the whole beautifully hand-finished like everything Hugh made. Roddy had been excited when he first saw it, gazed at it ecstatically, gasping, "It's beautiful!" He had run the engine round and round for an hour or so—then bent a flywheel, which Hugh had fixed for him.

After that he hadn't played with the railway again. Trains just weren't in Roddy's line. Nor were ships—her eyes flicked to the row of models on the mantelpiece. She put out her hand and caressed the tiny tea clipper Hugh had given her when they first met. Like the railway, it also worked—could be sailed on the boating lake in the park if only Roddy would sail it.

Several weeks later she was weeding in the garden as the children began to trickle home from school. She ticked them off—Dickie Collins banging George Willis with a satchel; Marion French giggling along with Joanne Carter, blond plaits flapping beside dark ones.

Then Roddy, alone as usual, but walking more slowly than normally with a tread which seemed suddenly to Carol, kneeling by the perennial border, to be not vagueness but something different.

"Hallo, dear," she said, and went down to the gate to greet him. Dumbly he held out a long, brown school envelope.

"Trouble," he said, as she took it.

"Oh, dear," Carol said. "Well, let's go inside and see what we can do about it."

She didn't think, skimming through the report, that it was any worse than the previous reports. "Roddy might do better with more application . . ." "Should pay more attention . . ." "His work lacks concentration." They were all variations on what teachers had been saying about Roddy for years.

"What's specially on your mind?" she asked gently at last. He stared at her across the kitchen table—then, without any warning, put his head down on his arms and wept.

It was so unexpected that for a second she did nothing—just sat opposite and watched the bony shoulders shaking uncontrollably under his green T-shirt. Roddy almost never cried—that tough tautness of his which kept him out of the way of the big boys' bullying helped him to put up with trouble. She recovered and was over to his side of the table with her arms round him in a second.

"Darling, what is it? What's so terrible? Did anything else happen at school? Darling, please tell me all about it—please!"

He lifted his head and scrubbed at his eyes and nose with a filthy handkerchief.

"Well, I had to see Mr. Whittaker and he said I wasn't doing very well."

Inside, the temptation to scream at the child that she had been telling him that for years was almost irresistible. Gently, she said, "Look, darling, so long as you do your best it doesn't matter, does it? And you have been doing your best, haven't you?"

Had he, she demanded of herself? Surely no normally intelligent child could do as badly as Roddy had been doing?

"I have, honestly, Mum—I just can't do it, that's all there is to it. I hate reading and arithmetic and everything at school—I just loathe it! I hate games—I hate gym. There's nothing I can do well—nothing!"

"The only thing that matters is that you should be good and kind and honest," she said, still stroking his hair.

"But it matters a lot to you how I do at school," he burst out, lifting his face, scrubbing again at his eyes. "Howard Sims—he's the other one they call Goofy—his parents don't care about his school work—not at all! Besides, he's good at football."

"Well, really . . .!" she said, sitting like a stone beside him. Was it cruel to take an interest in your child's progress? Or had she been driving, pushing him without realising what she

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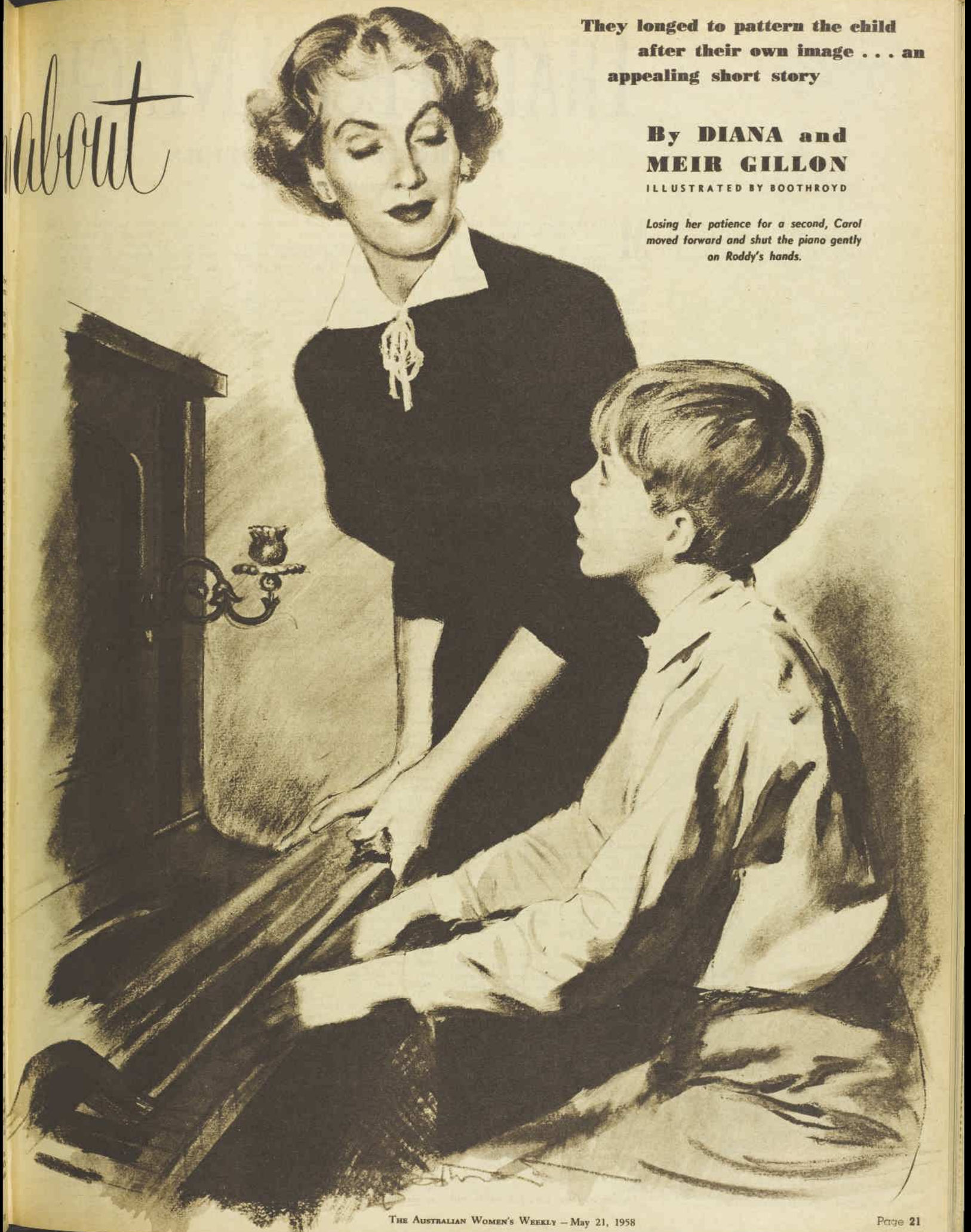
about

They longed to pattern the child after their own image . . . an appealing short story

By DIANA and MEIR GILLON

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Losing her patience for a second, Carol moved forward and shut the piano gently on Roddy's hands.



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THAT SPECIAL MAGIC

By ROBERTA PETERS

A romantic short story

MAVIS closed her eyes and tried it again. Sure enough, the sluggish breeze that fanned across the listless back gardens of Lanson Street became soft and salty and faintly scented with the lushness of the Mediterranean Sea.

Mavis knew quite a bit about the Mediterranean Sea. She knew the days there were long and flower-scented, and the nights so still that the reflection in the sea of the moon is as perfect as its original in the sky.

She also knew that she could not make the cruise for less than a hundred and thirty-odd pounds, not counting her spending money. In her savings account were around sixty-five pounds.

She sighed, not with despair but with hope that is long in fulfilling. Opening her eyes, she raised her head enough to see that her legs were becoming a rosy pink. She sat up.

An annoyed masculine voice said: "Don't do that!"

She saw a young man squatting on his heels before her in the half-hearted shade of the stunted apple tree, peering into a gleaming mechanism in his hand.

"I was beginning to burn," she explained amiably, and then, as the live blue waters of the Mediterranean receded in favor of the parched grass of Mrs. Perry's back garden, "Why not?"

The young man abandoned whatever he was scowling at in the camera and began to scowl at her.

"I was trying to get an angle shot." He was thinner than a young man ought to be and his flannel trousers needed patching on one knee.

But as he looked at her his frown faded and his eyes crinkled at the corners. "That would have been quite a picture. Coppery hair and slinky shadows, framed by that little clump of bushes."

He let out his breath in a sound that was almost a whistle.

Mavis blushed. She shrugged her bare shoulders into a short cotton bolero.

The young man watched her. "It's a new camera," he offered anxiously. "I've just got it." He came over and kneeled beside her. "Look." He held the camera towards her.

Drawing her feet up under her on the striped towel, Mavis accepted the camera and gazed solemnly at its shining intricacies.

"It looks very nice." She didn't know much about cameras. She handed it back to him. "Does it take good pictures?"

"I think so. I haven't really taken any yet." When he smiled he was almost handsome. "I want to take it on holiday with me."

"Oh." She had started to gather up her magazine and sunglasses, but she had a feeling that he wanted her to ask about his holiday. Obediently, although she had never seen him until five minutes ago, she did. "Where are you going?"

"To the Mediterranean." He pronounced the word proudly. "I'm planning to go on one of those cruises."

"Oh!" Her voice was so excited that the word was a whole sentence. "When?"

Forgetting all about gathering up her belongings, she hugged herself like an enthusiastic child. "When are you going?"

"Next spring, probably." He kept his voice carefully casual, but his eyes shone. "I wanted to have the camera long enough to learn to take really good pictures."

He looked down at it and then at her again. "I expect to take a lot when I'm away."

Leaning towards him, her hands still clasped together, she cried: "But how can you bear to wait so long?"

"I can just about manage it." Ruefully he grinned at her. "I still have to save part of the money. I shan't have enough till then."

"Well!"

It was an expression of utter and complete understanding. They were no longer strangers. Suddenly, she knew him so well that it didn't occur to her not to confide her plan so precious she had never before even said the words aloud.

"I'm going, too. I already have nearly half the money, and I'm going just as soon as I have enough. Look."

She pulled a thin handful of gaudily illustrated travel folders out of their hiding-place in the magazine and spread one of them before him.

He sat on the grass beside the striped towel and they pored over the folders together. The dingy back garden of Lanson Street became golden sand and tropic stars.

She felt oddly proud that he knew the folders as well as or perhaps even better than she did and they talked about the things the pictures didn't show.

When he said: "Look, you're all goose pimples," she stared at her arms in surprise. Carefully she put the travel folders back for safe-keeping in the magazine.

"I have a room next door at the Johnsons." His thumb polished a spot on the camera. "Perhaps we could talk about this again later, that is, if you'd want——"

It wasn't until she was sitting on the edge of the bed in her narrow room in Mrs. Perry's, unfastening the straps of her sandals, that she remembered she didn't know his name.

. . . . . .

They walked to a little cafe a few roads away and had supper there.

After they had finished eating he ordered extra coffee for them both so that no one would care if they sat longer and talked. They were so young that everything mattered and wise enough for enchantment.

His name was Paul, Paul Welton. When she told him hers he said: "Mavis. That's nice. A pretty girl should always have a pretty name."

He was surprised and embarrassed, then, that he'd said it, and she smiled at him, understanding. She wasn't actually pretty, she knew that, but it felt wonderful and warm to hear someone say so.

The day after that was a Sunday. When she left Mrs. Perry's to go for a walk Paul came running down the steps of the Johnsons and joined her.

He had brought his new camera with him, so they took the bus to the park and took several shots of trees and the winding paths and the flowerbeds and a fat, friendly dog.

They laughed a lot, and when their hands accidentally touched they let them stay that way for a moment longer than they would have needed to.

They had supper at a little place near the park. Mavis told him she was a typist in an office. He worked in a bank, he said, and was going to evening classes three nights a week to study accountancy. He had lived at the Johnsons for just a week.

They tried to talk about things they had done before yesterday, before he came into Mrs. Perry's back garden, but they weren't important enough. In the middle of a sentence Mavis forgot what she was saying.

It was dark when they left the cafe. So, taking their time, pretending the streets were those of whatever Mediterranean port they happened to think of next, they walked all the way home.

When they reached the steps of Mrs. Perry's, Paul kissed her good night, and for a moment the magic was nearer than the waters of the Mediterranean.

After that they met every morning at the bus stop, and on the nights when Paul didn't go to evening classes they had supper together.

Neither of them noticed when they first started saying: "When we go on our Mediterranean cruise . . ." It just happened.

The following Tuesday in the cafe Paul pulled a folder from a steamship company out of his pocket. Turning it wrong side out he laid it in front of Mavis and pointed to a row of figures.

Looking at her instead of the folder, he said: "Did you ever notice that?"

The figures quite explicitly stated that cabins occupied by one person alone were from one hundred and thirty-two pounds, and if occupied by two one hundred and seventy pounds, which made a saving of almost fifty pounds each.

They stared at each other for a moment. The clattering noises of the cafe sounded like the roar of surf pounding against golden sands.

Instead of just strolling round before they went home they walked to the park and sat on a bench.

Mavis held her bag on her lap and watched her forefinger draw little circles on it. She said softly: "I always thought that was a silly expression about two being able to live cheaper than one."

"Me, too." Paul had his arm along the back of the bench. His hand touched her shoulder, then drew diffidently away. A few stars sparkled in the nearby pond.

"I suppose," he began to explain, and she knew he had thought it all out, "perhaps what it really means is that two people could live together for less than twice as much as it costs them each to live alone.

"What I mean is, it costs one person who lives alone more than half of what it would cost two people who like the same things and wanted to live together."

His hand touched her again, stayed there and drew her close, "I mean, take room rent, for instance."

There was no disputing it even if they had tried, and they didn't. And on the following Saturday, when they heard that the two girls were moving out of Mrs. Perry's big front bedroom, they talked to her about it.

The room was let for three pounds a week. Mavis had been paying two pounds and Paul had been paying two pounds ten. It was proof that they were right. Mrs. Perry was all smiles and little cooings.

They were married at one o'clock a month later in the church across the park. Mrs. Perry and one of the fellows who worked with Paul, Sam Granger, went with them. Afterwards, Sam took them all to lunch.

They didn't need a honeymoon. The Mediterranean cruise would come next.

That was the middle of September. While Paul was at evening classes Mavis brought a spare typewriter home from the office to the big front bedroom and did some typing on the nights he was away.

With the extra money she bought some bright - colored chintz and borrowed

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They walked slowly home through the rainy streets, still planning their holiday in some sunny place.

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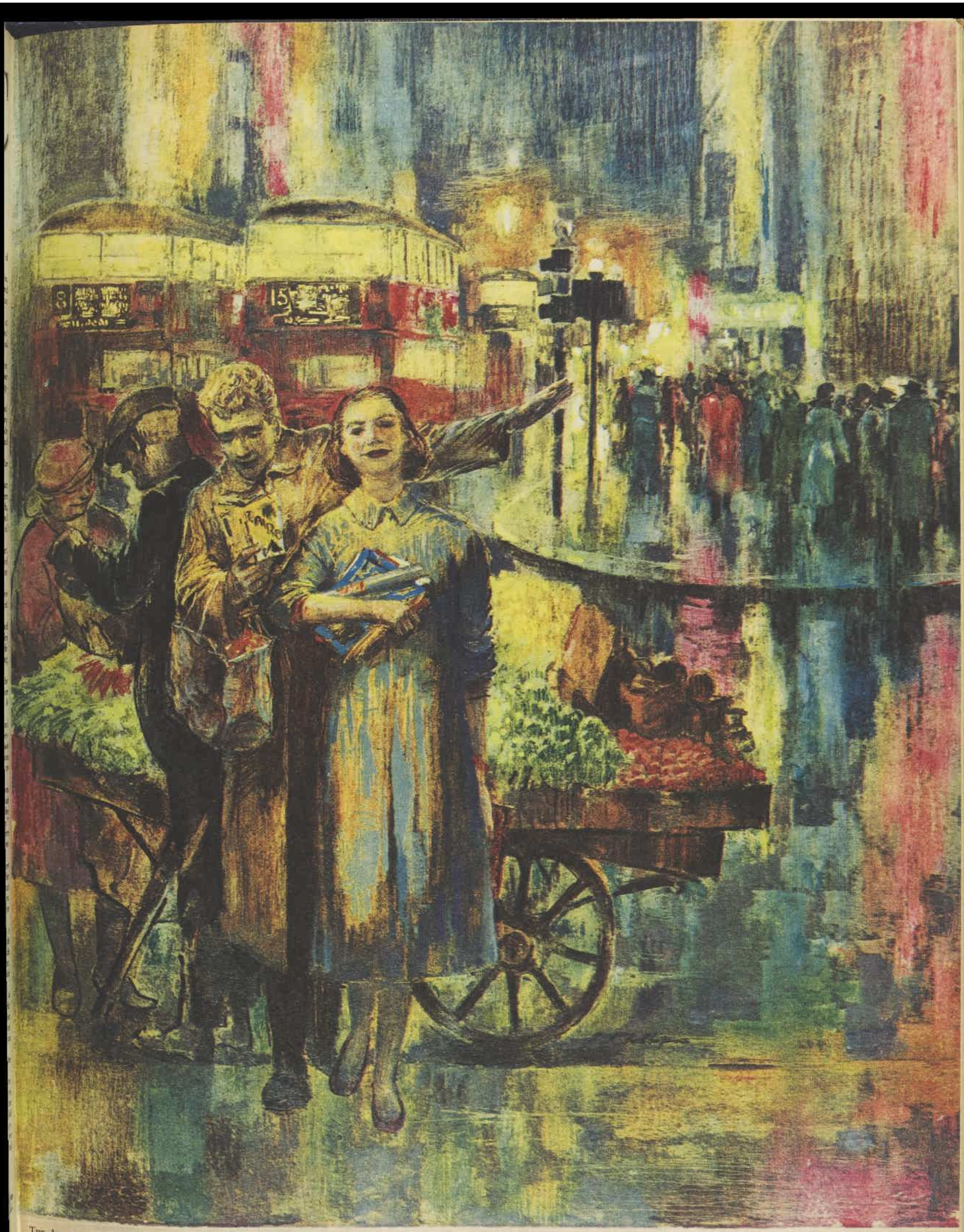

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Thursday Date

By HAL and BARBARA BORLAND

A short story complete on this page

Fran laughed as Ben assured Sis she looked just like somebody's nice kid sister.

IF you had walked into Andy's Diner and seen those three girls behind the counter you'd probably have wondered, as a lot of the truckers did, what Sis was doing there. Franny was whistle-bait. Hilda was sultry.

But Sis—well, Sis was just Sis, a plain girl with freckles across her nose, reddish hair drawn back into a pony-tail, a ready grin on her natural lips. A girl who had been called Freckles at the age of eight, Red at twelve, and Rusty at eighteen when she went to work for Andy three months ago.

It was Ben Collins who called her Sis. One day she asked him if he had a sister who looked like her and Ben, with that slow smile of his, said, "No. You just look like somebody's nice kid sister," and his smile turned into an embarrassed frown. Franny overheard him and Franny said, "Benny, if you said that to me I'd slap you silly!" And she probably would have.

But Ben began coming in every Thursday afternoon around three o'clock when business was slack. He always took the same stool down at the end of the counter where Sis worked. Andy didn't care if the girls took a break then, so Sis would take a cup of coffee and sit with Ben. And they would talk. About the weather, about the roads, about Ben's business. Ben had his own truck, but he didn't want to be a driver forever, even for himself.

Then one afternoon after Ben left Franny asked Sis, "Has Benny asked you out yet?" Sis flushed and said no. Franny said, "Ben's awful slow." And when Sis blushed Franny said, "You ought to pick yourself up a little, kid." And she told Sis, woman to woman, how to pick herself up.

Sis was human. The next Thursday morning when she came to work Andy looked up from the pile of menus near the cash register and then looked again from head to foot—the waved hair down to her shoulders, the eye shadow, the heavy lipstick, the high heels. And Andy, who usually said, "Hi, Sis," said, "Good morning, Miss Mason."

Sis went back to hang up her coat and the chef and the dishwasher both whistled. And when she went back to the counter one of the early-morning regulars in for coffee shouted, "See you've got a new girl, Andy!" And another said, "Hi, beautiful! Busy tonight?"

Sis was flustered. Flustered, but pleased. When Franny came in a few minutes later, late as usual, Sis looked for her smile of approval. But before Franny even saw her one of the drivers said, "Hey, Fran, you've got competition!" Fran gave him a cold stare. A little later, though, she whispered to Sis, "You look wonderful, kid. The hair came out real good."

After the early rush they began to scrub counters.

Sis had never minded scrubbing until that day, but in the first five minutes she knew why the other girls hated it. She chipped the polish on two nails and wished she hadn't used the polish at all. And by eleven o'clock her feet began to hurt. She wondered how Franny stood high heels all day and every day.

Most days Sis liked the noon rush. It was exciting and she was deft and fast. Not as quick on her feet or with her tongue as Franny, but steadier. Today, however, everything went wrong. She kept watching her nails. And pushing back her hair; it kept getting in her way. And the heels were terrible. Once she tripped with a bowl of soup and had to wipe it up.

She tried to hurry, but by then she was so tense she was shaky and snappish. When a customer asked her to change his order she snapped, "Well, make up your mind!" The words were hardly out of her mouth before she said, "I'm sorry," but Andy had heard her. A few minutes later, when the big rush had eased, Andy said, "We don't insult our customers, Sis. Better get yourself a cup of coffee and sit down for five minutes."

By two o'clock she was herself again. Her new self. Stragglers came in and she even mustered a few of Franny's stock phrases and kidded them along.

At a quarter to three Sis went to the washroom and put on fresh lipstick, touched up the eye shadow and fluffed her hair. And went back and waited. Three o'clock and he didn't come. Three-fifteen and she began to worry. His big green truck didn't pull in till almost three-twenty, but when it came she heaved a big sigh of relief. She watched as Ben glanced at his tyres and headed for the door.

She knew every gesture, every motion, knew the way he would come in, hang up his cap, look for her, smile, come down to his favorite stool and say, "Hello, Sis," in his soft, low voice. She went to the urn to get his coffee, black, the way he always liked it.

He came in, hung up his cap, looked down the counter. He looked right past her. Why, he didn't even recognise her! Then he looked again, and that time he saw her. But he didn't smile. His face tightened and he hesitated before he came to his stool. She set down the coffee and opened the menu for him and said, "You're late."

He looked at her and didn't answer. He studied the menu and said, "I'm not hungry," and looked away.

"You—you've had lunch?" she asked.

Ben just smiled, a tight smile. Then he said, "What happened to your hair, Glamor Girl?" There was a bite to the name. Ben wasn't kidding. Ben didn't kid with Sis.

"I—I had it waved."

He glanced down the counter at Franny, then back at Sis. "Who blacked your eyes?"

She flushed and picked up the menu. Franny came down the counter. "Hello, Benny," Franny said brightly. "You look as if you just lost an argument with a cop. Or did Beautiful, here, give you last night's coffee? We save it for the sourpusses."

Ben didn't answer. Fran glanced at Sis and said, "The new model, Benny. Nice job, huh?"

Ben looked Sis squarely in the eyes and said, "I never did go for flashy cars. I'm a kind of a conservative guy."

Sis had to get away before the tears came. She turned on her high heels and almost tripped as she hurried to the washroom. She washed her face and looked in the mirror. She dug in her bag and found an elastic and drew back her hair and tied it in a pony-tail.

Then she looked in the mirror again and began to smile. A trace of the smile was still there when she went back. Fran was still kidding with Ben. He was grinning, but back of the grin was that tight, puzzled look. Then he saw Sis, and Fran must have seen the change in his face.

Ben said, "Sis!" and Franny went back down the counter. You don't hang around when a man speaks to a girl in that tone.

"I guess I'll have the beef stew, Sis," Ben said. "And bring a cup of coffee for yourself."

She brought the stew and coffee and Ben said, "I would have a flat tyre on my last trip through here."

Sis dropped a spoon. Ben said, "You're all jitters! Come on and sit down." So she went around the counter and sat down beside him, and Ben went on, "My last driving trip, I mean. I'm expanding the business. Bought another truck and hired a driver. I'm going to put him on this run." He looked at his plate, embarrassed for a moment, then said, "A few minutes ago I thought I wouldn't ever come back. But—well, I can get over on Thursday evenings. If you've got Thursday evenings free."

And Sis knew that after tonight she wasn't going to have Thursday evenings free for quite a while. Or any evenings. For anyone but Ben Collins.

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"MY PARTY SECRETS"—By Elsa Maxwell

● This week the world's most fabulous party-giver, continuing her best-seller, tells how to be a model hostess and guest, and names the famous people she would invite to a nightmare party.

"BRING anyone you like," Laura Corrigan used to say to casual friends when she first launched herself as one of the great London hostesses of the '20s.

Needless to say, the friends obliged. And the result was Laura's parties couldn't properly be called parties at all.

For guests, of course, this all - comers - welcome system of invitation has its points. For a hostess it's pure folly.

No really good hostess will take a chance on inflicting misfits on her friends.

Laura, it's true, made quite a name for herself as a hostess; but it wasn't, as I've said, a particularly enviable one; she was laughed at almost as much as she was sponged on.

Her popularity was a plain case of money gilding the pill.

But not all the money in the world can save a party that is open to just anybody from turning into a calamity.

My rating of a guest is high. I see no reason in giving a party to people you do not know or, knowing, don't care to know better.

When I draw up a guest list I — and I alone — decide who's to be invited, and I consider only two qualifications: that I know and like the person and that he or she has something to contribute to the party's success.

No one is ever asked to a party of mine because of his position, however exalted.

I've never quite understood the mentality of the determined crasher; certainly the last place I ever want to be is at a party to which I hadn't been invited, and I can't imagine how anyone with an ounce of pride could feel otherwise.

Only once in my party-giving career have I let myself be pressed into admitting a crasher, and the result was as tiresome as I'd feared.

It was in Hollywood, I was giving a party, and I'd heard through friends that a woman I knew only slightly and didn't much like was determined to come to my party.

I was equally determined that she should not.

Imagine with what pleasure, then, I glanced down the line of arrivals on the night of the party and beheld none other than the woman herself.

Clifton Webb, his mother, Mabel, and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck — peaceable souls all — begged me not to embarrass her.

Finally, reluctantly, I agreed to let her stay.

Clark Gable

Little people always like to make a show of themselves, and this one was no exception.

First she spotted Clark Gable, plunked herself down in front of him, and set to work boring him. When he was finally able to escape she proceeded from one guest to the next, boring all the way.

The moment came when I could stand it no longer. There was a little bar off the main room, and when I saw it was empty I went in and beckoned to her, very sweetly, as if I had something charming and friendly to confide.

"You," I said, "were not invited to this party, and you will have to go—quickly."

She left.

Little as I liked the woman, I'll give her credit for one thing: she had skin a rhinoceros could envy. But she showed a certain humor when, next day, she sent me three dozen roses, with a little note —thanking me for the party!

Your guest list, after all, is your party, your blueprint for the ultimate grand design, and it's up to you to keep it under control. The minute you let friends or family persuade you to add to it here and there the balance is gone; and nine times in ten the success of your party with it.

So, then, if you're giving a party, start by deciding whom to invite.

The first names will be easy enough. It is almost always the wish to see dear old so-and-so, or to bring people of common interests together.

Then, too, most of us know a sprinkling of people who are what might be called party-proof—people who are attractive to meet, who are good mixers, good talkers, generally reliable guests in any company.

Now let us suppose you want to introduce new faces, new talent. You must be choosy.

Call it snobbery if you like, I call it being selective.

Duty guests

You don't take just anything that comes along in other walks of life, so why do so when entertaining?

One word of advice, though, on how, having settled for the best, to be sure of getting them there; never seem too eager. A carefully calculated, polite indifference in the invitation does the trick.

So much for the positive approach to your guest list. Now let us look at those to avoid:

First, never give way to pity or sentiment or sense of obligation, this last least of all.

Owed guests are duty guests, obligations, and the minute you try to fit one into your party, look out.

Ask because you feel you must, and the party's a bust before you start.

A good hostess, aware of the pitfalls, never wittingly puts herself under obligation to anyone.

I make it a rule never to accept invitations to parties where I am reasonably sure of being bored.

Debutantes

My record for refusals has been made in New York, where society is so close-knit many hostesses don't vary their guest lists from one dinner party to the next, which is boring to extreme.

As bad as asking obligations —far worse, to my mind, since

A KISS from the Marquis de Cuevas brings this weird and wonderful expression to Elsa's face. The Marquis is himself famed as a host. At Biarritz in 1954 he gave a £100,000 ball, which was described as the "party of the century."

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WHAT A NIGHTMARE THIS PARTY WOULD BE

it is also downright dishonest —is asking people you hope to put under obligation to you.

If you do feel the human but regrettable compulsion to confer some favor on people in a position to do you a good turn, for pity's sake choose some other means than the pretence of enjoying their company.

There are only two kinds of ulterior-motive entertaining for which I can see a shred of excuse; one is entertaining in what may best be called the world of affairs. The other, debutante dance entertaining.

Relatives

In the first, curiosity of a prominent person to look over a young man or woman of promise in a field that concerns him is certainly justifiable.

In the intricate business of empire building, social means are understandably used to serve ambitious ends — and that covers debutantes as well. Obviously, there is something to be said for giving the most auspicious possible boost to the marriageable young, however it's done.

It sounds callous, but try, too, when you entertain, to keep your family out of it.

Believe me, nobody wants to meet your relatives. Family, particularly elder members, tend to give other guests an uneasy feeling of being under surveillance.

Avoid people with causes to boost or grievances to air. You will quickly find them buttonholing, trumpeting, and boring everyone within reach.

Avoid the very shy, uncertain, introverted types. A cocktail or two and your bashful mute may very well turn—or fancy he's turning—into the life of the party.

Avoid always having the same people together.

Mixing — clever mixing — is the making of any party.

I always make it a point, for instance, even in a predominantly eggheaded group, to have a smattering of beautful women, regardless of whether they are dumbbells or not (and most beautiful women are not very bright).

But beautiful women are like beautiful flowers.

You must have them, and if you're a clever hostess you will place them as you do your flowers—for best effect.

Put them where they'll be shown off to advantage. Mix. Juggle. Keep the pattern changing.

Rating yourself as a host is a relatively simple matter—if you give a good party you know it. But how many people ever bother to take a good long critical look at themselves as guests?

Your success or failure as a guest is a fair reflection of your success or failure as a human being.

I'm not talking about material success. Indeed, the great big self-important world of success—particularly when the success is self-made—is a positive breeding ground for some of the worst guests in the world.

Filled with a sense of their own consequence, they make no effort to put themselves out for the sake of pleasing others.

Success as a guest is strictly a matter of personality.

Look at me.

Certainly no one could have asked me to parties back in the early days because of my importance — of which there was none — or my beauty, of which there was, if anything, less.

I was asked because I gave value as a guest. Hostesses liked me, liked my chatter, liked my piano playing.

Well, then, how can they like you? What have you got to offer as a guest?

Stock-in-trade of the good guest is his ability as a conversationalist, an art that is, I fear, slated for oblivion in this country.

Radios and TV screens that are never dark are making us mentally rusty.

Know what is going on in the world of politics, of fashion, of the arts, even if it is only superficial enough to enable you to make reasonably intelligent sounds in almost any conversation touching on topics of the day.

For the average woman, in fact, a smattering of learning is much to be preferred to a preponderance of intellect.

Women who know too much are not going to be popular with men—whose egos are fragile at best—or with other women who may not be as smart and won't relish the reminder.

All this with the usual exceptions.

Rebecca West, for instance, is one of the most delightful women in the world to meet, and by all odds the most brilliant and captivating conversationalist I know. Marcia Davenport is another expert, and so is Clare Boothe Luce.

But women like these are rare.

Learn to be as good a listener as a talker, for the good conversationalist is both.

Good gossip

Lady Beaconsfield, wife of Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, attached so much importance to her ability to listen well that she made it a point always to eat a high tea before going out to dine.

In this way she wasn't tempted to let her attention stray from the talk to the food, and so missed no morsel of gossip that might be useful to her husband professionally or to herself socially.

Even if you're a ready and willing talker, just bubbling over with things to say, don't try to take over completely from more inhibited guests.

A provocative question on a subject that is slightly sensational, for instance, is a wonderful loosener of tongues.

Three subjects that I've found sure-fire stops to the occasional silences that fall on parties are Sex, Love, and Who Hates Whom—and by that first-mentioned I mean nothing indelicate.

Still another conversational gambit I've tried, though with not unqualified success, is what might be called the Let's Get Personal opener.

One of my latest experiments with it may illustrate the wisdom of keeping lead questions at the level of general experience, or at least at the level of people who aren't there.

This was at a party in New York. At dinner I was seated at a table for six.

Presently there came a lull in the conversation, and I turned to one of the women. What, I asked her, was the greatest thrill she had ever had? To my astonishment, her normally gardenia-pale complexion turned pink as a peony.

"I—I can't tell," she stammered, and immediately burst into a cascade of conversation to cover her confusion.

Fascinated by the effect on her of what seemed to me a perfectly innocent question, I went around the table, asking each one the same thing in turn.

And would you believe it? Not one of them would say.

In future, perhaps, I had better stick to Sex, Love, and Who Hates Whom.

When making conversation don't forget that any subject, even a good, gossipy one, becomes dull if it is dwelt on too long.

Saving face

Remember that, if you would not be remembered as a bore.

In sum, then, here are 10 main points for the good conversationalist to remember:

1. Keep yourself informed on matters of current interest by reading the latest books, magazines, and daily newspapers.

2. If you are a woman with the good luck to be very, very learned, don't have the bad sense to show it.

3. Be as amusing as it's in you to be, but leave malice to the professional wits. You'll last longer.

4. Be a good listener.

5. Keep on mental file a handful of short and generally apropos anecdotes and/or provocative questions that may be used to fill in lulls or revitalise a dying conversation. But try not to use the same line twice in the same company.

6. Don't be argumentative about matters of no importance.

7. When someone tells a story that is plainly meant to be funny, laugh.

8. Don't carry on private conversations in front of strangers unless you can also contrive to bring them into it.

9. Don't try to monopolise conversation.

10. Don't ask personal questions of or make personal observations to people whose identities you're not sure of. The face you save may be your own.

Now for good guest behaviour in general:

- If you can't go to a party in a mood to enjoy yourself and to make others enjoy you, don't go.

Call your hostess and tell her the truth. Say frankly that you feel wretched, that you'd be a drag on everybody, that she and her party will be infinitely better off for your absence. She'll understand.

- Be prompt in arriving at a party, but don't, in pity's name, be early.

- On arrival, confine your greetings to your hostess to the customary salutations and let her take the lead.

- Unless your hostess has expressly asked for help in her duties, don't; and, above all, leave the furniture alone.

Guests are expected to mingle, and men are generally better behaved in this regard than women, who are fond of exercising the classic "feminine right" of holding court.

To warn supposedly sound-minded adults against drinking too much at a party shouldn't be necessary, yet it happens.

Perhaps you know your capacity for the stuff when you are at home and sit down to relax over a glass or two before dinner.

But when you go to a party you go already more or less exhilarated by the promise of a good time, and if the evening turns out to be lively and gay your exhilaration is bound to increase.

In this mood you take that drink you don't need, and what happens?

Before you know it you can be woefully out of hand.

Then there is still another trap for the unwary drinker at a party, that is the ubiquitous pourer. Beware of him at all costs.

When you go to dinner parties eat at least something, if not all, of whatever food is put before you—whether you like it or not.

"Best people"

This is only common courtesy in any circumstances — well, not quite any: such things as fried grasshoppers and a singularly revolting species of worm, among others, are being marketed these days under the guise of gourmet treats.

Any hostess indelicate enough to serve this kind of thing deserves to have it not only left untouched but flung forcibly from sight.

Generally, it's the guest's duty to adapt himself to the hostess' fare, and not the other way round. The single exception is when religious belief is involved.

A common embarrassment at formal dinners is the predicament of the guest who finds himself faced with a veritable xylophone of silver stretching out from either side of his place-plate and is thereby faced also with the aching question: "Which fork, O Lord, which spoon?"

Well, if you don't know, don't let it worry you.

A good many of the so-called "Best People" in society don't know, either. Nor do they care.

The accepted procedure is to start the first course with the fork or spoon at either of

Continued on page 61

PUGNACIOUS Else Maxwell pulls no punches when she gives her candid opinion of the International Set. Here she tries her skill at different fighting. This is a scene from a Hollywood movie short entitled "The Lady and the Lug."

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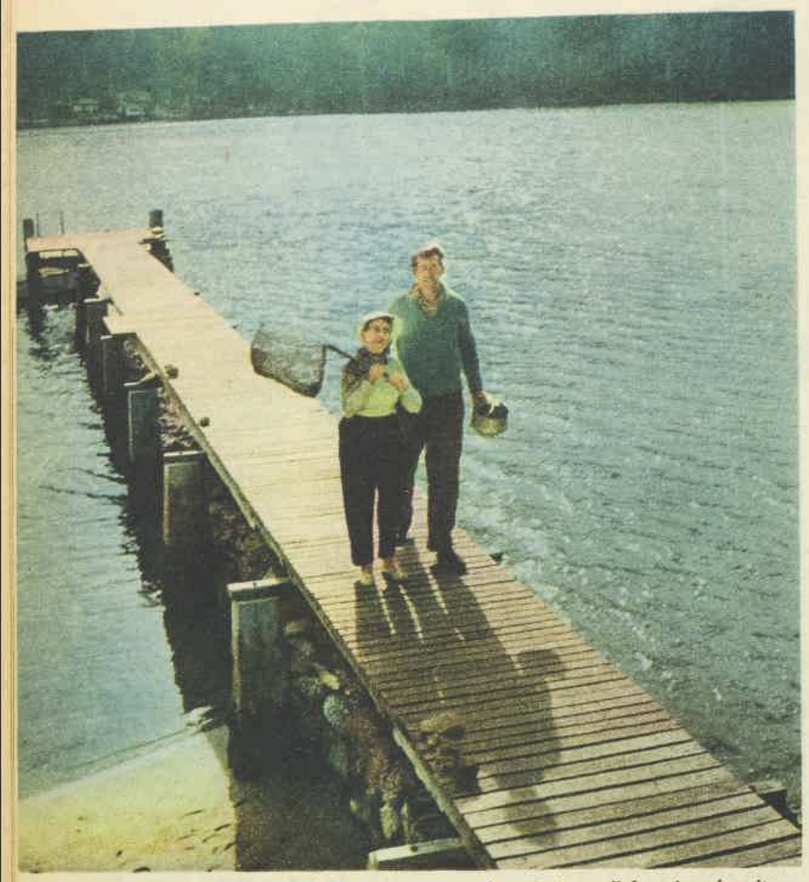
How they live

RETREAT FOR RAFFERTYS

● Chips Rafferty and his tiny wife, Quentin, retreat from the rush and hustle of the city to their house near Church Point as often as they can, and according to Chips, "It's the only thing that keeps us sane in the madcap film business."



FISHING from the end of their private jetty or from their small boat is a favorite pastime for Chips and Quentin Rafferty at their Lovett Bay home. They always have a competition for the biggest and first fish caught with a shilling prize for the winner.

THE house, on the waterfront of Pittwater's Lovett Bay, 20 miles north of Sydney, is accessible only by boat.

This gives the Raffertys, whenever they are down there, the feeling that they are completely cut off from the rest of the world.

They listen to the calls of the birds, the jumping of fish, and often see wallabies hopping through their garden at dusk or dawn.

The Rafferty house was a humble boatshed when they bought it 11 years ago. The boatshed is now a spacious living-room with double doors opening on to a verandah.

In fine weather the sun floods through the room all day, and on chilly nights a log fire blazes on the big open hearth.

By
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

The Raffertys love to entertain their friends at weekend house-parties, so they have devoted all the upstairs space to bedrooms containing 11 beds, each room with big windows commanding panoramic views of Lovett Bay and Pittwater.

Chips has done most of the remodelling of the house himself. He has built rock walls and stone steps, a long jetty, and a workshop.

He has begun work on a rock-enclosed swimming-pool near the jetty, and plans to dump sand on the rocky shore to make a private beach.

At Lovett Bay, Chips and Quentin wear their oldest clothes and spend the days lazing in the sun, fishing, or swimming. At night they often play dominoes, scrabble, or chess.

And they always bet on the results.

"We challenge each other to whatever game we play," said Quentin, "or bet on who catches the first and biggest fish. We keep a point score for each competition and play each other for a shilling."

With no electricity supply, they have a generator driven by a kerosene motor to light the house. For cooking they use a small portable stove.

In this out-of-this-world setting, Chips is no longer the film star or producer. Most of his friends call him John, a reminder that he was born John Goffage, in Broken Hill, N.S.W., in 1909.

Chips, standing 6ft. 6in. in his socks, is all that people overseas imagine an Australian to be.

He prefers to roll his own cigarettes, making them as neatly as any tailor-made; he is often laconic, but never unfriendly; he swears volubly at his small motor-boat—his only means of getting to his house over the water—and never takes it over without a load of beer among the stores.

Quentin, his foil in every way, has one outstanding characteristic—gaiety. Chips, once defining the perfect woman, insisted that gaiety should be her most important characteristic.

He also said the perfect woman must be a good cook — and Quentin is, specialising in Chinese dishes.

Whether expensively gowned for a first night, or dressed in her fishing trousers and old jacket, Quentin is forever feminine, with impeccable nail varnish and make-up.

With practically no experience beyond an interest in amateur theatricals, Chips began his film career at the age of 30. He was soon chosen for one of the leading roles in "40,000 Horsemen."

Five years ago he formed Southern International Films, the company which has successfully made "King of the Coral Sea," "Walk Into Paradise," and, very recently, "The Stowaway," co-starring Martine Carol.

SUNSHINE streams through the double doors of the Rafferty living-room, which was originally a boatshed on the shore of Lovett Bay, 20 miles north of Sydney. Chips and a friend made the table on which Quentin is sitting from an old barrel and rope.

DOMINOES is played with great concentration by Chips and Quentin and any of their guests who care to join the game. The Raffertys also enjoy chess and scrabble, and keep a points score each weekend. The pictures are by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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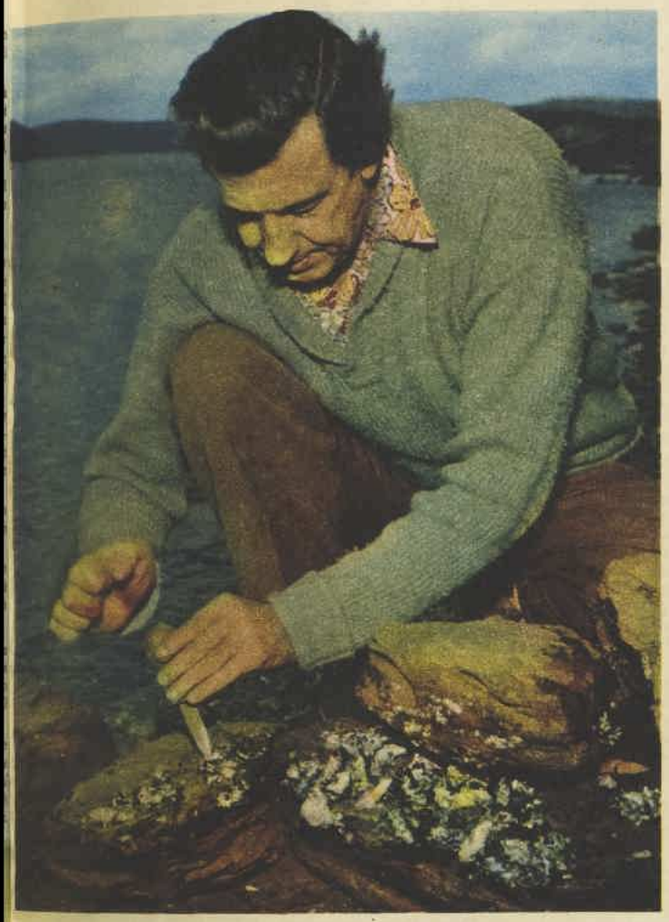
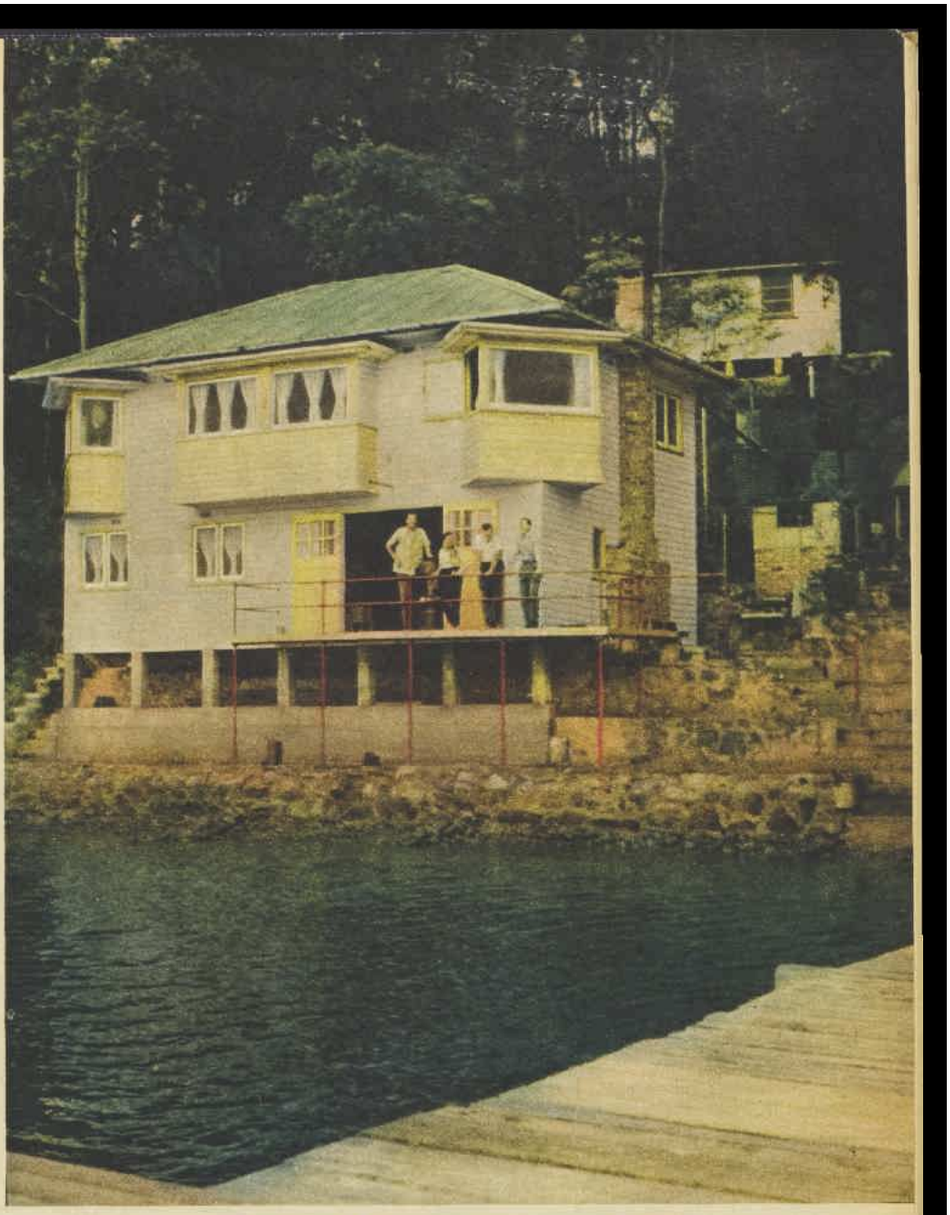
HOUSE FROM AN OLD BOATSHED

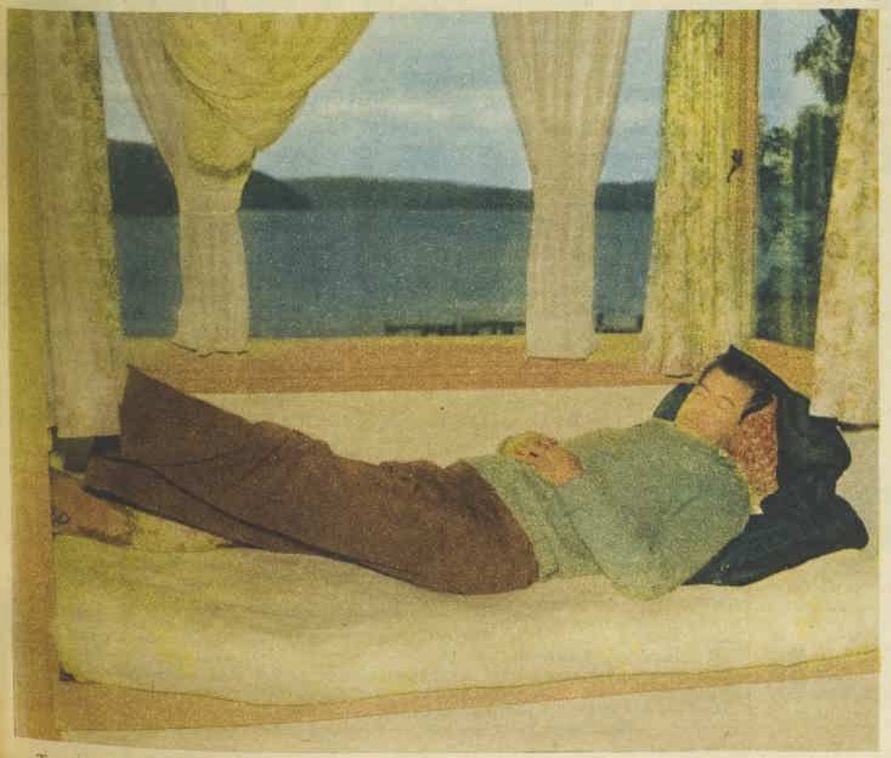


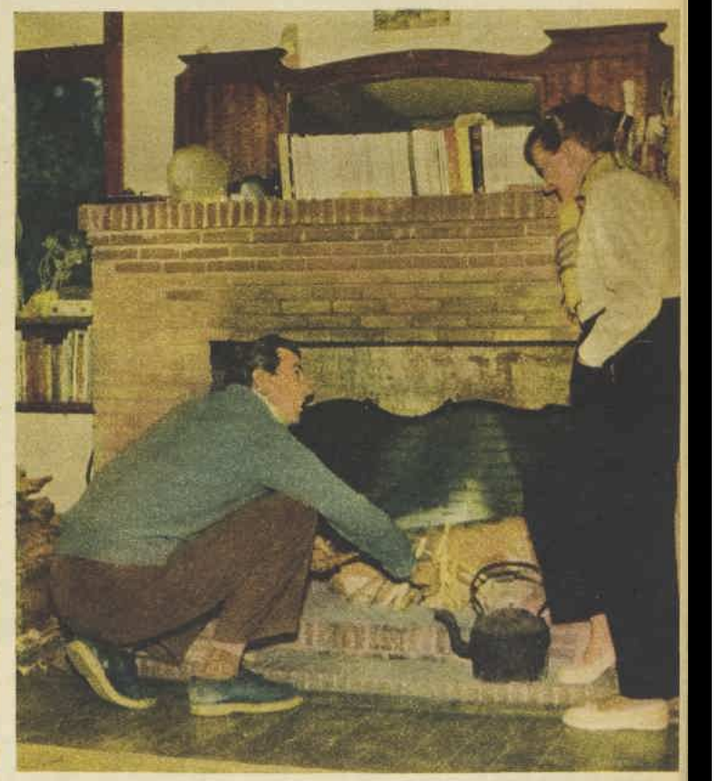


ABOVE: Chips collecting oysters from the rocks right outside his front door. He uses them for one of his favorite dishes—or as bait for his fishing excursions.

BELOW: Asleep and at peace in one of the three upstairs bedrooms, Chips forgets the worries of film-making. This window overlooks the reaches of Pittwater.

THE RAFFERTYS and two of their guests admire the view from the verandah outside the living-room of their Lovett Bay home.





THE BIG OPEN FIREPLACE which is the focal point of the living-room on cold nights. Chips, according to Quentin, is an expert wood-chopper and fire-setter. Quentin does the cooking and Chips the rest of the chores.

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POWER RINSE
—you rinse in the machine!

BOILING ACTION PULSATOR
—for the cleanest fastest wash of all!

ELECTRIC WRINGER
—new "Damp-dry Wringer, exclusive to HOOVER!

✻ Take a look at the line-up of washing machines on sale to-day—more than 40 makes to choose from . . . and yet **one in every four** women chooses a **HOOVER!** These are the reasons . . .

"BOILING-ACTION" PULSATOR — A HOOVER EXCLUSIVE! This gives the washing action that's just like boiling! It's vigorous but so very gentle. *All* your clothes, even the most delicate of your precious things, are safe in the Hoover. Hoover washes cleanest —fastest, too!—6 lb. of whites in four minutes. 6 lb. of woollens in only a minute or less!

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HW.48.WW143g

Worth Reporting

EVEN Oscar - winners have their problems, as we discovered when we met a very pretty little redhead who had just been given the first Australian Oscar award as "Queen of the Haute Coiffure."

"You see, I'm not really a redhead," confessed the Queen, a 17-year-old fledgling model from Canterbury, N.S.W., whose name, appropriately, is Valerie Barber.

"My hair is really just plain light brown, and my Dad says he expects me back to normal by tomorrow."

Of the 12 young models who showed off the new "Caravelle" hairstyle at the third annual Haute Coiffure Show held at Sydney's Australia Hotel, two had purple hair and another — blonde Bunty Marsden — bright lime-green (christened for some inexplicable reason "Champagne").

The girls had fun.

They stopped traffic as they arrived, dressed in scoop-necked, skintight black ballet outfits — and, incidentally, increased their audience by some six young U.S. naval ratings off U.S.S. Toledo, who decided to have a closer look during the show.

They wore £250,000 worth of diamonds between them (the suspicious-looking men sitting uneasily in the audience were bodyguards to the diamonds) and pranced round in some exotic furs.

Enjoying their show were the five members of the Haute Coiffure — hairdressers Andre Audard (Sydney), Raymond Millward (Melbourne), Bob Shergis (Adelaide), Karl Wigger (Perth), and Keith Cohen (Auckland, New Zealand).

Their own fancy-dress was equally effective — black trousers, white shirt, red cummerbund, and black silk ribbon tie.

Note: The hairstyle is named for France's new jet airliner. A caravelle is a 16th-century galleon.

Housemaid's knee for the house-man

GETTING your pets house-trained is always a problem, but it looks as if women the world over are succeeding with that poor harassed animal —the husband.

One of the world's most eligible bachelors, U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold, recently told the Status of Women Commission that English husbands were becoming "increasingly house-trained," and that "the better type accept the fact they must take some share in household work with good grace."

In Finland, a check on employed housewives showed that 76 per cent. get help around the house from their husbands. In America, 61 per cent. of husbands do housework, 31 per cent. wash up frequently, and 40 per cent. help with the cooking.

The husbands, apparently, like sweeping and dusting best, laundry least.

And—despite all those funny cartoons — dish-washing got third highest vote.

"I figure a man gets married only once, so why worry?"

WHAT'S in a job? Everything, it seems, for the lucky employees of a chemical company in America's Mid-west.

They're picked up at, and later driven right home to, their own front door, free; they get free haircuts, electric scooters to get round the plant's 33 acres, job-switches for the bored, coffee and lunch breaks, and a company restaurant with a golf-driving tee, putting-greens, and ping-pong tables. There are no questions, no pay-docking for absentees, no time-clocks.

What's more, they get paid.

Cattle King's book of verse

TOM QUILTY, cattle king of the Kimberleys, is 70, owns more than 5,000,000 acres north of the Tropic of Capricorn, won the camp drafting event at Hall's Creek race meeting five years ago riding his pony without a bridle, and has just published his first book of poems.

Called "The Drover's Cook and Other Verses," the little book has been described by its publisher, F. H. Johnson, as being as "rough as the ranges that inspired it."

It tells with some kingly disregard for rhyme (for instance, "saucer" rhymed with "force a") tales of his spinifex country.

Tom Quilty, whose parents were pioneers in the Gulf country in 1883, doesn't really care about a critics' roasting.

He paid for publication himself—"I ordered 1000 copies because the rate is much lower than on 500," he explained—and he'll send a copy to anyone who'll donate one guinea to the Australian Inland Mission.

The Inland Mission receives the benefits from the book, and features in it, too.

Sister "Mopsy" Morrison, of the A.I.M. Hospital at Hall's Creek, once cured Tom Quilty's flu with liberal doses of O.P. rum, and the poet wrote a verse to express his thanks.

★ ★ ★

A SMALL boy of 7, whom we know, complained bitterly to his mother that all his friends had TV sets.

"Well, now," said his mother consolingly, thinking of the family bank account, "we'll get one when you're about 12."

At this he burst into a storm of tears through which emerged the agonised words, "But I won't like cowboys when I'm 12."

Summary from a saboteur

A DANISH woman who worked for the Underground in Europe during the war but who would rather talk about newspapers or fashion paid a brief visit to Australia recently.

She is charming Mrs. Thorkild Wegener-Clausen, who was en route to New Zealand with her husband, the new Charge d'Affaires for Denmark in Wellington.

Since their marriage in New York three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Wegener-Clausen have had three homes in three continents — in the United States, Norway, and now New Zealand.

For eight years before her marriage she was New York correspondent for a Danish women's magazine and a daily newspaper in Copenhagen. She also did broadcasts for the Voice of America.

Mrs. Wegener-Clausen loves clothes and gave us this summary of world fashion:

"American ready-to-wear clothes are wonderful—they fit almost anybody. But American women nearly always put too much on when they dress for the evening.

"This is where French women come into their own—in cocktail and evening clothes.

"Norwegian women look wonderful in ski clothes; they should wear them always."

And Australian women? Her tactful answer: "They look very smart to me in the little time I have had to judge."

Mrs. Wegener-Clausen dismisses her Underground life very quickly.

"Yes, I tapped a few telephones and did a bit of sabotage, but so did half the people in Copenhagen. It's all a long time ago."

★ ★ ★

EVER since Dale Carnegie wrote "How to Win Friends and Influence People" we've been getting advice on how to do something. Latest wisdom comes from a woman, Phyllis McGinley, who writes in "Harper's Bazaar" telling her fellow sex "How to Get Along With a Man." First of all she debunks the theory about putting on a good dinner for your husband's boss. "The more distance a wife puts between herself and the head of her husband's firm the better," says Mrs. McGinley. On career girls: "If they're honest, they'll admit that men are vital to their whole scheme of things."

Away with the stiff upper lip

ITALIAN women dislike moustaches on men. When 120,000 women from all over Italy described their ideal husband in a Rome magazine, 98 per cent. were against moustaches and 62 per cent. wanted their men to be tall and slim.

The only consolation offered to the average Italian man, who is short, stout, and mostly moustachioed, is a free electric razor offered by the same magazine for the best description of the ideal woman.

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Kotex* feminine napkins, in the new grey and pink box, cover you so gently.

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There is more protection in Kotex. Complete absorbency that never fails. As a result you'll very likely notice that each napkin lasts you longer. Do ask for this so much more comfortable protection next time you shop.

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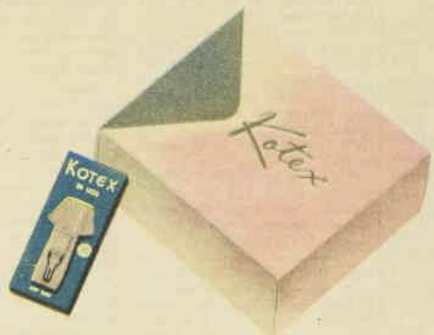

It's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet, "You're A Young Lady Now," helps give the facts she needs to know. Write Ellen Worth, Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd., Room 1A, 9th Floor, 65 York Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

The new Kotex box . . . in dove grey and pink. Also in plain paper wrap.

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CUTEX *STAY-FAST* LIPSTICK 4/11

P132

Scientists find safe, easy way to remove facial hair at home without electrolysis

Leaves skin velvety smooth

Hair on a woman's face is an unsightly blight to her appearance. But fortunately women can now be free from embarrassing hair on the face, as well as the arms and legs, because two scientists have developed a most simple, easy and *medically-proven* way to remove excess hair at home . . . Neelo, a cosmetic creme.

Thanks to Neelo, women no longer have to resort to electrolysis which is so expensive, often painful. No longer do women have to resort to the vicious habit of shaving, which keeps bringing the hair back so coarse.

This highly successful method of removing hair is used by more women today than any other. Do not confuse Neelo with old fashioned, evil smelling depilatories which irritate and take so long to use. Neelo is a pink, odorless cosmetic creme and so easy to use. Just smooth Neelo on like a face cream — then wash hair off in a minute. Neelo gently dissolves hair *below* the skin's surface. That's why the skin always feels so velvety smooth without coarse regrowth.

Don't let unwanted hair ruin your appearance. Buy new, odorless Neelo Cream Hair Remover today. KY223R

Something To Dream About

Continuing . . . .

from page 21

was doing? She hugged him close with a violence too quick to irritate him.

"Now, listen, dear, you can grow up into a pretty good specimen even if you can't do sums as quickly as the others—even if you're not good at games. After all, only one can be top—and very few even near the top. You're not to worry about it—promise me you won't worry about it."

"It'd be a lot of good, my worrying, wouldn't it?" he said, gulping, managing to force a smile.

She waited impatiently through Roddy's tea and the tumult he produced from the piano upstairs — for once she hadn't the heart to deprive him of that comfort. When Hugh came home she rushed the dinner on to the table almost before he had had time to wash. He would have liked to linger over it, but she swept the things away, pushing Roddy up to bath and bed.

"I'll help you wash up," Hugh said.

"Leave it — something more important's come up. Roddy's report," she said, handing it to him.

He read it without a change of expression and gave it back to her.

"I keep on telling you the boy's no genius. So what?"

"That isn't everything," she said quickly. "Mr. Whittaker gave him a talking-to. He'll probably be sending for us, too, any minute. Darling, we really should have expert advice."

"There's nothing wrong with the child," said Hugh, smiling, "except that he has an average I.Q. That's what the vast majority of people have, darling — they do all right, don't they?"

"Perhaps," she said slowly, at last, "but this is different. Roddy's odd. Not like the others. Always wanting to be alone. Dreaming. Unhappy — yes, he is. All this banging on the piano. He doesn't want to play with the other children because they fight. It's not normal."

Hugh came nearer and slid an arm round her waist, laughing.

"He's normal, all right. He's just honest — he doesn't like getting hit."

"Yes, but most of the other boys pretend — conform . . . Oh, I could understand — make allowances — if he was delicate, or short-sighted, or even terribly clever."

"I still think you worry too much about it," Hugh said, dropping his arm, groping for a cigarette. "He's a good boy, isn't he? He's no juvenile delinquent. And at least he does bang on the piano, not just sit glued to the television all day."

"Well, even that's not normal," Carol retorted. "Anyway, remember how disappointed you were about the trains."

"Did I let Roddy see I was disappointed? . . . Perhaps I did — I suppose I'm human." He stopped. Carol could see him turning the memory over in his mind.

"Oh, yes, I'm wrong, too," he went on at last. "That's the trouble. We don't just expect our children made in our own image — we want the king-size luxury edition in hand-tooled morocco leather. And then they turn out to be paperbacks . . ."

"It's no good just philosophising about it," she interrupted, "we must do something — we must call in expert help. It's still not too late."

"Now look — stop worrying," Hugh said. He came over, took her by the shoulders, looked down into her eyes. "Listen — give the boy time. He may be a slow developer. If you start taking him to clinics and child psychologists, he'll get the idea there's something wrong with him. That won't help. He's sensitive and he'll suffer."

"He's suffering already." She blinked tears from her eyes. "Hugh, he thinks he's really stupid. He said so today, himself. He says he isn't any good at anything. Not even football. And he feels it — he believes he's a failure."

For a few seconds they said nothing, just staring at each other silently. At last Hugh shrugged with an air of capitulation. "Well, what do you want to do?"

Carol was so overcome by the sudden surrender that for a moment she felt deflated — sunk into anticlimax. "What I said before. Take him to a child psychologist — find out what his capabilities really are and see he uses them," she said quietly. "After all, Hugh, if a child has flat feet or knock knees you take him to a doctor, don't you? What's the difference?"

"Okay," Hugh said. "But let's leave it till the summer holidays, shall we? Then the others needn't know. You know how children are . . ."

The summer term tore rapidly towards its close, and the last of the school celebrations was the annual fete. When the invitation arrived, Roddy tried to persuade his parents that they didn't want to go.

"But why ever not?" Carol asked. "We always do go. Why should we miss it this time? You're not ashamed of us, are you?"

"'Course not," he said, coming over and giving her a quick, unaccustomed hug. "It's nothing like that. It's . . ." He looked down and shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "Just some of us are singing. I thought you wouldn't like it—you don't like singing."

"Well," she said, laughing a little, "there's singing and singing, isn't there? And of course we're coming—we wouldn't miss it for the world."

The decorated school hall still smelt of ink, chalk, and the straight-from-the-cleaners clothes of parents. The headmaster made a speech—so did the head boy and the head girl. Two little girls played a piano duet too fast, broke down, and went back to the beginning, slower. A third girl recited "Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen" even faster.

Hugh pushed the purple-mimeographed programme on to Carol's lap, one large finger on an entry.

"Look at that."

She looked down at the finger. "The School Recorder Club—Shakespeare Songs with Rodney Wilcox." How thoughtful of Mr. Whittaker, she thought, to give Roddy some encouragement, to entrust him with something to do on his own. Poor little boy—and poor audience. It would be all right so long as nobody laughed. And probably nobody would—it was an audience of parents, each trembling for its own child's success. She reached out and found Hugh's hand.

Four children carrying short brown pipes trooped on to the stage. After them came Roddy, spotlessly neat and tidy, Carol noted thankfully, with his hair unrecognisably smarmed down on his long, thin head. He stood in front of the recorder players, his fists clenched tight at his sides, his chest heaving visibly under his T-shirt. Oh, the poor darling, Carol cried inside, don't let anyone laugh — oh, don't let anyone laugh!

The pianist struck a chord—the recorders, more or less together, started the tune. Roddy began to sing.

Carol thought that she had heard the song before, droned out over the strange noises of grandmother's piano. But it sounded different now, with what was presumably the right accompaniment. "Where the bee sucks, there suck I," Roddy sang, high and clear above the fluting of the recorders, with every word like crystal, "in a cowslip's bell I lie. There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry . . ."

There was something about the combination of the fresh boy's voice and cool, clear recorder music which caught at Carol's throat in the way that films about small children always made her cry.

She looked round to see how the rest of the audience was taking it—sat there, amazed. They had been fidgety but tolerant through the other items, like herself—now they sat spellbound on the edges of their seats, staring at the little group on the platform—two women were frankly wiping their eyes.

The song ended and the pianist started again, with only one recorder this time, and then Roddy. "When that I was and a little tiny boy, with hey, ho, the wind and the rain . . ." It sounded like a sad shepherd boy from the Bible, Carol thought, on a lonely hillside—even sadder in this big, silent hall. She felt Hugh put a handkerchief into her hand, and mopped at her eyes.

The song was over—the pianist stood up beside the boys. There was a second's silence—then the audience gasped in unison, joyfully awakened from a trance, yet sad to return to the smell of chalk. They clapped and clapped, and the children at the front of the hall thumped and stamped. Roddy and the recorder players stood with the pianist on the platform, turning more and more crimson in the face, bowing stiffly from the hips.

> **The pages of history are full of the names of great men. They have always been a nuisance.**
> ***—Sir Patrick Hastings***

All round Carol and Hugh conversation rustled . . . "Beautiful!" "I always say there's nothing lovelier than a boy's voice . . ." "Isn't that Roddy Wilcox? Well, whoever would think it?"

The music teacher swept the children off at last—the audience relaxed, stood up in search of coffee and ice-cream. Hugh took Carol's arm.

"Well, that's one thing the kid seems able to do," he said.

"I never dreamed . . ." she said with a sigh. "Of course, I don't know a thing about music—that's the trouble."

"That's my trouble, too. It's our shortcomings as parents—funny the things that bring it up, isn't it?" He laughed, rather bitterly, Carol thought.

Mr. Whittaker, tall and thin, and grey as his rimless glasses, loomed ahead of them in the crowd.

"I hope your son's performance impressed you," he said as they came up to him.

"We were overwhelmed," Carol said. "Has he always sung like that at school? Because we never hear anything at home." Unless, of course, her mind went on silently, I have heard it without recognising it.

"It's certainly been sudden," Mr. Whittaker was saying. "Though I believe Roddy has always been musical. I mean, he's always sung in tune, and he's never been one of the children we encourage to keep quiet." He laughed gently. "Just this last term he's come on. Oh, it's not unusual—some voices take time to develop."

Carol and Hugh murmured sheepishly as the headmaster passed on to another set of parents.

"Better go round behind and congratulate him, hadn't we?" Hugh said at Carol's elbow.

"Oh, goodness, yes . . . Hugh, I could kick myself. You ought to kick me."

"You couldn't know. How could you know? Whittaker just said it was a recent development."

"Yes, but I discouraged him . . . I tried to stop him playing the piano—I said it was a horrible noise . . . Gosh, and one reads all the books and thinks one's an exceptionally understanding parent . . . it's awful, Hugh." She felt tears disastrously near again.

"How could we either of us know? There's nobody musical in the family. Besides, it doesn't solve the problems we were talking about—he can't make a living out of singing at school concerts."

She was silent as they approached Roddy, surrounded by a gang of children excitedly gossiping about the concert. "Hullo," she said, lovingly.

"Hullo, Mum—hullo, Dad!" He waved at them, turning round from the gang for a second, then swinging back, without making a move to join them. Carol looked at Hugh and her eyebrows went up. She waved again, with an encouraging grin, and saw him give an impatient sigh and begin to shove through the assembled gang.

"Hi—did you hear my words from where you were sitting?" Close to, she could see him jigging up and down with excitement. She reached out and pulled him near in a quick hug.

That was the secret of it—everyone had to have something to be good at—to dream about—to plan. It need not be academic distinction or a medal for bravery or being in the First Fifteen. But it had to be something, and at last Roddy seemed to have found it.

"Duckie, you were terrific," she said, rumpling his hair. "We were proud of you," said Hugh, thumping his shoulders. The smile which spread over Roddy's whole face like a rising moon made Carol feel uneasily guilty. Had she really been so grudging in her praise in the past?

"You really enjoyed it?" he was repeating. "You really thought it was good?" But she thought it an automatic question. She was beginning to reassure him but he wriggled away from her, smoothing down the rumpled hair with his fingers. "Listen, Mum—can I go now? Can I be late home?"

"Why? Where are you going?" she asked.

He jerked his shoulder towards the lurking gang of boys in the corner. "The boys want me to play. Over at Mike's. May I?"

"Of course," Hugh said quickly over her gasp of surprise. "Only be home by seven. Remember?"

"Of course, you can't make a living out of music—not unless you're right at the top," Carol said as they drove home.

"Maybe not. But the child's got confidence now. Funny—just from making a success of something. You never know, do you?"

"Where confidence can lead? Of course not." She laughed. "Perhaps at that rate he could even get interested in arithmetic."

"Perhaps," Hugh said. "But I should imagine first we'd better see about a new piano."

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The semi-fitted suit silhouette is interpreted here in lightweight wool tweed. The design was chosen for a home dressmaker.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

I make all my clothes from patterns, but this is the first time I have tackled a suit. My material is a beautiful fine pure wool tweed. I want an unfitted jacket and straight skirt and will be grateful if you will supply a design and pattern. I take a 34in. bust fitting."

Illustrated here is a suit design chosen in answer to your query. The uncollared semi-fitted jacket is right in fashion, and the average home dressmaker would have no difficulties with it. The skirt is slender.

A paper pattern for the design is priced at 4/-. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"DO you think my figure is suitable for a sack frock? My bust is 36in., waist 27, and hips 37. The material I have chosen is fawn wool."

Yes, I do. A chemise dress with the correct silhouette is quite figure-flattering. My suggestion is a dress with a button-down-the-front opening tied softly in front with a fringed self-material sash.

"IS an ensemble consisting of a frock and matching jacket in fashion for winter?"

Yes, and the ensemble idea seems to grow stronger every season. The two most popular now are the jacket overblouse and skirt, and the chemise dress plus jacket.

"WOULD you please advise me if a coat with back fullness is still in fashion?"

Back interest in still in the fashion picture. A gathered or pleated back and a draped cowl back are the most prominent versions.

"I HOPE you can give me some fashion advice about maternity clothes. I am having my first baby and I am 19 and fashion-conscious."

This season it is possible for maternity clothes to include quite a number of high-fashion ideas. For instance, a separate bloused top—the blousing achieved with a drawstring at a low waistline—has a concealing ability as well as being in fashion. The top can be worn over a one-piece dress or with a separate skirt. The chemise dress, especially the front-buttoned chemise, is another favorite.

DS297.—Suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"MY problem is a suggestion for a winter frock to be made in brown-and-white check wool. Would it be possible to have a not-too-loose sack dress?"

A chemise dress with a modified silhouette would look attractive incorporating the following details: Front-buttoned fastening from neck to hemline; a set-in belt in self-material at a low waistline; a high-to-the-throat neckline finished with a round collar and brown organdie bow with streamer ends.

"I AM making a fitted sheath dress in a pretty teal-blue wool and would like some ideas to vary the dress for formal and informal wear."

Have a flying panel (attached to the back of the skirt with four buttons), a cummerbund, and a fringed stole. The panel and stole would be best in matching material, and for the cummerbund I suggest black taffeta.

Beauty in brief:

HEALTH AND GOOD LOOKS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Looking your best is often a matter of feeling your best, because looks and health go together.

EXERCISE, even if it's only the old toe-touching routine, rouses the circulation first thing when you get up. Walking part of the way to work is even better, while housework — with lots of bends and stretches — works wonders.

A good breakfast matters this weather. Not just a cup of coffee and piece of fruit but something hot like eggs (very nutritious) or even wholemeal porridge.

If you sleep late and have to hurry, an eggnog (milk, the egg beaten in with sugar) takes one minute flat.

Winter skin needs extra lubrication to stop it looking dry and scaly. Use a good skin cream at night, smooth some of it on under your make-up by day. Don't just cosset your face; remember arms and legs get just as chapped, and smooth them with rich hand cream.

There's no better sight on the early bus to work than a fresh-faced, healthy girl who obviously feels her best.

Get yourself up a few minutes earlier and you'll soon stop traffic.

New Miracle Shampoo

BEAUTY-WASHES YOUR HAIR WITHOUT DRYING OUT THE NATURAL OILS!

Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining clean silken smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer, brighter after using new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up this elegant new bottle and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils . . . in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start today and beautify with gentle, one-lather Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!

ONE lather gives thorough cleansing

LARGE SIZE 5/3
REGULAR 3/3

Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble 1/3

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● School-age girls who go out without their parents' approval know in their hearts they must be prepared for family discipline. At the same time, fathers and mothers can be too hard, and should always fit the reprimand to the rebellion.

AN unhappy nearly 15-year-old has written:

"Recently I went out with a boy without my mother's knowledge. As a punishment and because my mother does not trust me, I am not allowed out with my girl-friends. My parents' affection for me seems to have died, they no longer treat me as a daughter, and I am cross-examined every time I leave the house. I realise I have done wrong and that it will be a long time before my parents trust me again. Is there any way I could persuade my mother that I want to go out with girls and not with boys, and that I have learnt my lesson?"

"Lee," S.A.

You seem to have learnt your lesson the hard way, and it is time your parents realised this.

You acted wrongly and foolishly. At your age, you should have asked your parents' permission for such an outing. I can understand their distress.

I can understand yours, too, but don't imagine your parents have ostracised you completely. They are doing what they think best, and you are being too gloomy in believing you have lost their affection.

Why not cut out your letter and show it to them? They don't realise how miserable you are, and it should convince them.

The only other alternative is to be on your very best behaviour until the crisis fades. If they will not agree to your going out with your girl-friends, ask if you can invite your friends home.

That will provide you with some companionship. Meantime, try to be as happy as you can. You never know, perhaps even tomorrow your parents will relax their attitude and their ban.

"I HAVE a New Australian friend who is 19, attractive, and with a good personality. At dances and other outings, however, she gets no attention from Australian boys, except a few undesirable ones. She gets very upset and wonders if this is because she is a New Australian. She is well liked by other girls, and they and I can find no reason for her unpopularity with boys. She has been in Australia for a few years and speaks good English. Can you help her?"

"Friend," N.S.W.

Usually a girl with a little Continental charm has boys flocking around her.

From your letter I can see no reason for your friend's unpopularity, but why not try a male view?

Ask a boy who goes to these dances and outings his reasons for avoiding your friend. He also might be able to tell you the general reaction of the other boys, which will give you and your friend a basis for action.

"IS it correct to shake hands when you are introduced? I have met some people who make this gesture, some who don't. I wondered if there was a rule of etiquette, or if it were something on which you could please yourself."

"Debutante," S.A.

In "Etiquette for Australians," published in 1944, author Noreen Routledge wrote: "The gentleman must never offer his hand, but the lady may do so if she wishes to show warmth and friendliness.

"If the hand is offered by those in high positions when employees are introduced to them, the friendly gesture can do much to establish confidence."

Common practice, even in the past 14 years, has modified this. As you are a debutante and therefore in your teens, it would be best for you to wait for the person to whom you are being introduced to make the gesture.

Many older men and women, especially if they hold Government or organisational positions, shake hands, so it's as well to be prepared and not to have to fumble with gloves or handbag.

A word from Debbie . . .

AN American magazine has classified the ages at which a daughter can help in the house. How do you rate?

The magazine says: "At nine or 10, a girl should make her own bed; at 12, do the dishes; at 14, light laundry; at 16, help in other ways.

"By the time she is 17 she should be able to 'take over' occasionally for her mother. Cooking is important, because there is no better training for later life."

And here are two recipes to help you make your reputation as a cook:

For a simple but delicious chocolate crunch, combine 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup coconut, ½ cup sugar, 4 level tablespoons cocoa, and 4oz. melted margarine. Press into a greased slab-tin and bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a very moderate oven. While hot, ice with layer chocolate icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Make a tasty spread for small cheese biscuits by mixing finely chopped salted peanuts and parsley or mint with butter or cream cheese.

DISC DIGEST

ALTHOUGH primarily a cabaret artist, sepia songstress Pearl Bailey is building for herself a strong disc personality, showing that she doesn't necessarily have to be seen to be appreciated.

Pearl, you may recall, was Dorothy Dandridge's flamboyant friend in "Carmen Jones," the gal who belted out "that rhythm on a drum."

Her latest LP (330SX.7566) is called "Pearl Bailey Abroad," another of those collections of songs from various parts of the world. Thanks to her faultless timing and stylish delivery, however, this platter leaves most of the others standing.

I don't think Pearl will have any appeal for the jeanagers—she's far too worldly wise—but the more mature collectors will put this disc among their "specials." (Incidentally, her next LP is to be called "For Adults Only.")

In her style, Pearl is a direct descendant of the Mae West and Sophie Tucker school, and, after listening to her, you'll recognise in turn her influence on Eartha Kitt.

Pearl starts her tour abroad with "Non Dimenticar," an Italian number I've been flag-waving for lately. She sings the English version.

With "South America, Take It Away," she isn't able to obliterate the memory of Bing and the Andrews Sisters, but she tackles it with evident joy, ad libbing and throwing away lines—a trademark of the Bailey act.

The swung version of "Loch Lomond" is not exactly her cuppa, but how she glitters with Cole Porter's lovely tune "C'est Magnifique," to which she adds some of her own sly sense of humor.

"Like The Moon Above You" is a tune I've never heard before, but part of the credit for its composition goes to R. Tauber, possibly the famous tenor, so it may be known to some readers.

Side 1 ends with the traditional "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?" The stand-out on Side 2 is the Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer evergreen "Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home."

Of the remaining five tracks, you're sure to enjoy "You ame A Long Way From St. Louis" and "Ballin' The Jack."

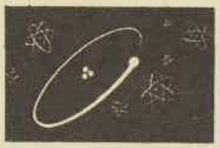
—BERNARD FLETCHER

you are looking at the beginning of the end of a cold!

In just **7 seconds** Vicks VapoRub starts clearing out her cold miseries . . .

Keeps on giving relief up to **10 full hours**

Atom isotope tests prove speed and spread of VapoRub relief



The Hydrogen-3 atom shows how it takes but 2 breaths for . . .

. . . VapoRub relief to go deep into cold-affected areas and continue full strength all night long.

● Almost any mother can tell you how Vicks VapoRub helps clear cold miseries overnight. But now, comes new proof of the almost unbelievable speed with which VapoRub begins relief—*throughout the cold affected areas!* Using atomic isotopes, scientists traced VapoRub's vapour action through the respiratory passages. They found VapoRub takes *only seven seconds to become fully effective . . .* and keeps on relieving the cold up to 10 hours!

So, Mother, when your child catches cold, just rub Vicks VapoRub on her chest, throat and back . . . and with the second breath, she'll feel comforting relief clear her stuffy nose, soothe her sore throat, and break up congestion deep in the bronchial passages. And what's more, VapoRub keeps on comforting her while she sleeps restfully through the night. You try Vicks VapoRub—and you'll almost see the beginning of the end of your child's cold happen right before your eyes.

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As a Rub . . . In Steam . . . In the Nose

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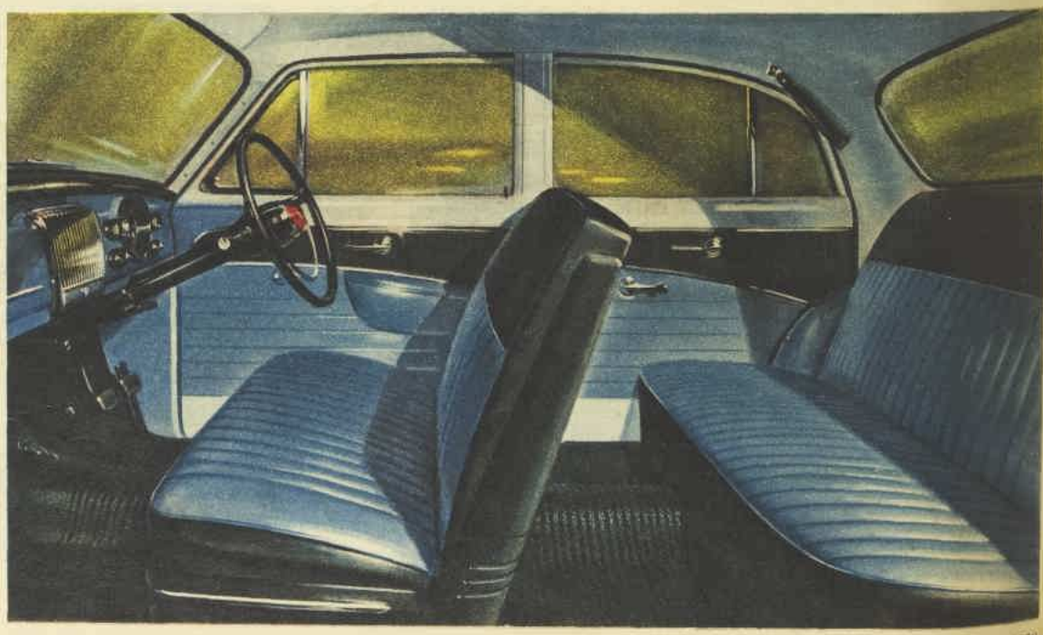
HOLDEN ... a



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Introducing a new look in front . . . flowing new lines . . . entirely new upholstery styling . . . exciting new colour arrangements and still finer engineering

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From the pictures here you get a good impression of the new sparkle and freshness of design. See how the new radiator grille, with its built-in parking lamps, gives a low, road-hugging look to the front end. See the bold new sweep of chrome that flows back to the twin tail lamps and makes a perfect setting for two-tone colour treatment. See the new smartness and practical beauty of the new upholstery styling.

You will find that in comfort and driving ease as well as styling the improved Holden is a thrill on wheels. Now more than ever Holden is the best car to buy for new car value – the best car to own for resale value.

There are five Holden passenger models — three sedans and two station sedans. Your local Holden Dealer will be delighted to show you the range.

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They're Bond's own colour-fast cottons in grey, navy, peach, fawn (and white!)

• The elastic waistband lasts the life of the briefs • Nylon-reinforced legbands fit snugly, can't bind or cut • Warm and cosy to wear • Fit is smooth, sleek, wrinkle-free • Wonderful to wear with slacks and sheath dresses, for business or housework, for winter sports or balls • Cut sufficiently long in the seat so that they won't ride up or pull down from the waist • "Action Gusset" is cut wide for movement, can't bunch or chafe. "Cottontails" wash easily, need no ironing

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Sizes: 9-13, 6/11.
Sizes SSW-W, 7/11.
6/3

BOND'S quality silk-wool vests save money for mother

- No skimping — a generous cut. "Tru-Size" Fittings.
- No shrinking (and no ironing).
- Stretchy rib-knit gives freedom of action.

Vest left: Sizes 2, 5/6; 4-6, 6/11; 8-10, 9/11.
Vest right: Sizes 2-3, 5/6; 4-6, 6/11.

FOR COMFORT AND FIT, IT MUST BE KNIT... BUY

BOND'S

Continuing . . . .

The Faceless Adversary

from page 19

tell more than he had realised from looking at people's eyes. There was a kind of flatness about the eyes of those who did not believe you—and a kind of wariness. That look was in Henry Roberts' eyes. Well, John thought, he had a try at it.

"I never saw this girl before," John said.

"Sure you didn't," Henry Roberts said, but now he gave up the effort to meet John's eyes. "All some fool mistake. Well——" He stopped. He was not equal to this. He doesn't, John thought, know how to get out of this.

"Mr. Phillips still around?" John asked, and saw relief flicker in Roberts' eyes.

"Think he is," Roberts said, and spoke quickly, with relief. "Pretty sure he is. Like me to——"

"No," John said. "I'll just barge in."

"Best way," Roberts said. "Well, good luck." He took hold of John's hand and almost at once released it. "Just wanted you to know——" he said, and stopped again.

"Sure," John said. "I appreciate that, Hank."

JOHN went on between the desks. Heads had been raised from work while he talked to Henry Roberts. Now they were bent over work again. He came to a corridor and went down it to a door near the end. The door had Martin Phillips' name on it. John opened the door and went in, and Miriam Lacey looked up at him. She had blue eyes, which grew wide. It was surprising how much one could tell from eyes.

"Oh—Mr. Hayward," she said. "I——"

"Forget it, Miriam," John said. "Is he?" He indicated, with a movement of his head, the private office beyond.

"Oh," she said, "I'm afraid somebody's with him." It was evident she was embarrassed. "That is, someone from—"

The door to the private office opened. The man who came out of it was familiar.

"Hello, Mr. Hayward," Detective Grady said. He was quite affable. "Keep running into each other, don't we?"

John nodded.

"Way things are," Grady said. "Well— afternoon, Miss Lacey."

He went out then. He had left the door to the private office open.

"Come in, Hayward," Martin Phillips said.

John went in.

Martin Phillips was 61. He had grey hair, thick, smoothly brushed: he was a big man, sitting broad-shouldered behind a spreading desk. He wore a dark grey suit; he held glasses in his left hand and watched John cross a dozen feet of carpeted floor in the big corner office. The light from the corner window was on John's face.

"Sit down, Hayward," Phillips said; and waited while John sat down. "This is bad business," Phillips said.

Phillips had grey eyes. They were noticeably without expression, at least during banking hours. They were without expression now.

"Yes," John said, "it's a very bad business, sir."

"They tell me," Phillips said, "that you deny even knowing this—this girl."

"Nora Evans," John said. "Yes, I do deny that, Mr. Phillips."

"Yes," Phillips said. "And, that you seem to have rented an apartment for her. Paying by cheque on the Riverside."

"And that I left shirts in the apartment," John said. "And that the janitor identified me. Apparently Grady has—" He hesitated. "Filled you in, sir," he said.

"It seems," Phillips said, "that the police think you are making an error in judgment, Hayward. By this complete denial. It seems to puzzle them."

"Yes," John said.

"And I suppose," Phillips said, "that now you want to know where you stand. With the bank."

It did not appear that he expected an answer.

"This detective," he said, "had the same question. Among others, of course. I told him that your reputation here was good. That we would find it difficult to believe you would be involved in—anything of this nature."

"Well," John said, "thank you, sir."

And he looked into Phillips' expressionless grey eyes. The eyes did not evade his; they were not, as Roberts' had been, embarrassed eyes.

"I do find it difficult to believe," Phillips said: "But—you explain the circumstances, Hayward?"

"Somebody has framed me," John said. "Arranged these things."

There was no expression in Martin Phillips' eyes. He nodded his head slowly, but there was no acceptance in the movement. It was not affirmative. It indicated words heard and recorded.

"Why?" he said.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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Coffee If you like cream in your coffee, cream it with pure cream — Tongala Swiss Style pure cream. It makes good coffee so much better — so smooth, so rich. You'll love it — your family and friends will always ask for more when you serve coffee with pure Tongala cream.

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... and here's another treat ... try these TRUFFLES made with **TONGALA**

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

4 tablespoons Tongala sweetened condensed milk, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 3 tablespoons fine cake crumbs, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1½ teaspoons rum or brandy (optional), and extra cocoa, nonpareils, or coconut as required — combine condensed milk, butter, icing sugar, cocoa and salt in the top of a double saucepan and mix thoroughly. Cook over hot water for 10 minutes, stirring well from time to time. Turn into a basin, add flavourings and crumbs, and beat well. Allow to cool. When cold, form the paste into small balls and roll in cocoa, chocolate nonpareils or coconut. Leave till firm and serve in tiny waxed paper cases.

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When stubborn coughs and heavy chest congestion make life a misery, remember you can **fight colds more effectively** with scientifically formulated Nyal **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir. Nyal **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir brings positive relief from coughing because it treats all symptoms.

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Nyal **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir is a balanced formulation of ten medically proven, active ingredients. That's why **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir acts so much quicker. Its three-way decongestive, expectorant, sedative action clears heavily congested bronchial tubes; stops harmful coughing; allows the patient to breathe deeply. So when coughs "hit" your family, take your chemist's advice—give Nyal **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir, Australia's **biggest selling cough formulation.**

There's a Dosage Form For All Ages

There are **three pleasantly flavoured formulations** with dosages specially adjusted for all ages.

Infants: Six months to five years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., **4'-**; 6 fl. oz., **5'9**

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Stop the burning and itching of cold sores NOW! Discover for yourself how quickly Nyal Cold Sore Cream brings soothing relief from this irritating and painful condition. Nyal Cold Sore Cream **soothes irritation**—heals quickly because it is specially medicated—and **antiseptic.** The so s-m-o-o-t-h cream keeps the lips soft, supple, whilst it heals. (If you prefer to "dry up" the cold sore, use Nyal Cold Sore Lotion.) Insure against unsightly cold sores by keeping Nyal Cold Sore Cream handy—right throughout the winter. **Cream** or **Lotion** ..... **2'9**

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Don't suffer the discomfort of a sore, inflamed throat one minute longer! You can be sure of soothing relief from sore throat, tonsillitis, with NYAL **Iodised** Throat Tablets. They contain iodine in a safe, pleasant-tasting form; quickly soothe inflamed membranes; help check the infection. Use NYAL **Iodised** Throat Tablets as a safeguard against infection whenever you are in crowds. 36 tablets, **2'6**; 60 tablets, **3'3**

Nyal IODISED Throat Tablets

N 49. W.W. 144

Continuing . . . .

The Faceless Adversary

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"I don't know," John said. He paused. "I realise," he said, "that it isn't easy to believe."

"No," Phillips said. "It isn't a likely story. Our position is difficult, Hayward."

"So is mine," John said. "Rather the more difficult of the two."

"Yes. In any event, you're still an employee of the Cotton Exchange. I told the detective that." John waited. "On leave, of course. With full compensation, of course."

"In other words," John said, "you bide your time."

Phillips raised his heavy eyebrows slightly. He said, "If you want to put it that way."

It had been a lapse from formality, from the proper ordering of words.

"I'm sorry," John said. But he did not feel particularly sorry. "I should have said, 'You reserve judgment.'"

"Don't," Phillips said, "think I am unsympathetic. Under other circumstances——" He did not finish. "You have the Thayer matter in hand," he said. "And — the Tushingham Trust, isn't it?" He waited for John to nod his head. "You might," he said, "bring Roberts up to date on them."

"Yes," John said, and stood up. There hadn't been any miracle. There hadn't been anything.

> **Don't throw a stone into a well from which you have drunk.** —*Proverb*

"You'll want a lawyer," Phillips said. "Or have you one?"

"A man named Still," John said. "Richard Still. However, he doesn't feel it's his kind of case."

Martin Phillips heard him.

"It would be preferable," he said, "if the bank's firm were not involved. You agree to that?"

"Yes," John said. "I understand, sir. I — is there anything else?"

For some seconds Phillips looked at him from impervious grey eyes.

"One thing, John," he said, and the use of given name was warning. "About Barbara. I'm afraid that her name can hardly avoid being brought in. From what Detective Grady let drop. But—can I rely on you not to involve her further? In any way?" He stood up behind the desk. "You understand what I mean?"

"Yes," John said. "Quite clearly. Stay away from her." His eyes met those of the older man. "Did you think I'd drag her into a thing like this?" he asked.

"It is hard to know what to think," Phillips said. "There are a good many considerations."

"Yes," John said, "there are, Mr. Phillips."

Then he turned and went out. He spent half an hour bringing Roberts up to date. He felt, as he talked, sitting in the chair at the end of Roberts' desk, that many eyes were on him. The world was very full of eyes — of unbelieving eyes. For an instant John felt they were all around him, that he was ringed by eyes which were flat with disbelief.

He went out through the office where there was just room to walk, carefully, between many desks, and through the public concourse. Few of the tellers were in their cages. They would be checking in, balancing out, for the night.

Barney opened the employees' door and said, "Good night, Mr. Hayward," and closed the door after him.

The Phillips car was parked a few feet down the street. Clay, in uniform, was at the wheel. Barbara was in the back of the car, in the corner farthest from the kerb. He thought she slid across the seat, but he turned and walked away from the car, as if he had not seen her. He had agreed to that.

And he did not want to see what was in Barbara Phillips' eyes.

He walked to the corner and turned into Williams Street. He went the way the crowd was going. At the news-stand by the subway kiosk he bought a copy of the "World-Telegram and Sun." He started into the subway and changed his mind, and bucked his way out again and, after a little waiting, got a cab. In the cab he read the "World-Telegram and Sun," the paper jiggling in front of his eyes.

There was a three-column picture on the front page and under it a picture of John Hayward, smaller than the other, and, balancing that, a photograph of the outside of the apartment house on Eleventh Street. The photograph of John had been taken as he left the courtroom, and he looked, he thought, more than ever like everyone else. But the three-column picture was not a photograph. It was the reproduction of a drawing. The drawing was of Nora Evans. Above the picture were the words: "Murdered Girl: Who Was She?" and below, "'Nora Evans,' mystery victim of Village murder."

John read the news story then, in the joggling cab, the print jumping before his eyes.

"Police investigating the strangulation murder Saturday of 'Nora Evans,' whose body was found in her Greenwich Village apartment by a cleaning woman, concentrated today on an effort to trace the girl's background, about which they have so far been able to discover little," John read.

"It is probable, the police say, that the name by which she was known was assumed to disguise her real identity.

"Meanwhile, John Hayward, of —— East Thirty-sixth Street, an executive of the Cotton Exchange Bank, was arraigned as a material witness in the case before Magistrate Silverman in Felony Court and released in 20,000 dollars bail. The police assert that Mr. Hayward, a Harvard graduate and assistant to the bank's senior vice-president, Martin Phillips, was an associate of the murdered girl.

"In response to questions, Mr. Hayward denied categorically that he had known 'Miss Evans' or visited her apartment in East Eleventh Street. The police allege that the rent of the apartment was paid by a man, whom they refuse to identify."

The implication, John realised, was obvious — and only an implication. There was no statement that John Hayward was the man the police refused to identify. One was hardly needed. John read on. The account reverted to the "mystery" of Nora Evans' identity.

She had — if one could trust what the police told the Press, which was perhaps not everything — appeared out of nowhere the October before, when

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The Faceless Adversary

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she had first looked at the apartment. On her second visit, which ended with her agreement to rent the apartment, she had been accompanied by a man. She had moved in a few weeks later. Furniture had been delivered, new, from one of the city's largest (and most expensive) stores.

Police investigation had disclosed that the furniture had been purchased a few days before its delivery and had been paid for in cash. A salesman—who had been politely astonished at his own good fortune—remembered the pretty red-haired girl very well. He remembered the cash very well. And the only address she had given him had been the Eleventh Street address.

Since each apartment there had its own lock-box for mail, there was no way of knowing what mail the girl had received during the months she lived there. There had been some, not many, deliveries from specialty shops. She had bought groceries, sparingly, from a neighborhood store; she had bought liquor, also in small quantities, from another. She had paid in cash for both food and drink. The cost of electricity and gas had been included in the rent; she had paid the telephone bills in cash. The telephone company records showed no charges for out-of-town calls. There was no indication that she had had a bank account.

And, so far, the police had found no picture of the dead girl in her apartment. They had been unable to locate anyone who "admitted" knowing her. (The word was, evidently, chosen as a reference word. The reference was to John Hayward, whom the police would not identify as the renter of "Miss Evans'" apartment.)

"Somewhere," the reporter wrote, "a pretty girl with red hair grew up. Somewhere she went to school—made friends, no doubt went on dates with boy-friends. Somewhere, before October, she lived—alone? sharing an apartment with another girl? perhaps with her husband? None of these questions can the police answer.

"Medical evidence fixes her age as in the middle or early twenties. The color of her hair was its natural color. The Medical Examiner's report describes her as 'well nourished.' Her nails were manicured; most of her clothing was of good quality and much of it expensive.

"Was she employed, as an office worker or perhaps as a model? The police have been able to find no social security card. She did not own a car, or if she did the registration certificate has not been unearthed. She was not licensed to operate a car. At least, no operator's permit has been found. She had no charge accounts. If she received mail, she destroyed it after she had read it. The only key found among her effects was that to the apartment in which she lived and died.

"Somehow, for some reason, the girl known as 'Nora Evans' stepped from a background which can only be guessed at into a new life, almost certainly with a new, but shadowy, identity, when last November she moved into a charming, newly furnished apartment in one of Greenwich Village's better neighborhoods."

The reporter paused there, presumably to regain his breath. He went on, more prosaically:

"The drawing reproduced in the "World-Telegram and Sun" was made by a police artist after the girl's death. The police hope it will be identified by someone who may have known 'Miss Evans' in the past."

"Here we are," the cab driver said.

John paid him and got out, carrying the newspaper.

"Sad," the driver said. "Pretty girl like that. What would anybody want to kill a girl like that for?"

"I don't know," John said, and went into his apartment house. I don't know, he thought, riding up in the elevator. I don't know. He went into his apartment, which seemed emptier than he had ever known it—which seemed somehow strange—and put his hat on the closet shelf. He looked at the too-emphatic sports jacket on its hanger.

Slowly, very carefully, he closed the closet door. He went, quite methodically, to the refrigerator and to his liquor cabinet, and made himself a drink. He felt only deep weariness.

Instead of coming clear, he thought (standing as he sipped his drink) all of it was slipping into greater obscurity. Now there were two areas obscured, where there had been before only one—who had impersonated him to murder? Now there was this entirely unexpected question—who had been murdered?

"We get nowhere fast," John Hayward said, prosaically and aloud, to hear the sound of his own voice, to reduce things to simple, ordinary words. And he thought, then, it's too much to try alone. He thought of Barbara, and forced his thoughts from her, so that there was only an emptiness where she had been.

. . . . . .

Barbara Phillips said, "Never mind, Clay," and reached the width of the car seat to open the door for her father. Martin Phillips said, "Good evening, Barbara," without surprise. Nor was he surprised when, the door closed, his daughter leaned forward, in that quick, fluid way of hers, and rolled up the glass which separated them from the chauffeur. He sighed faintly, but he was not surprised.

Barbara heard the sigh. Briefly she patted his nearest hand as an act of comradeship. But then, as the car started, she leaned back in her corner and looked at him. She looked at him from widely spaced brown eyes, set in a pointed face. She's the prettiest thing there ever was, her father thought and said, smiling a little, "Well, Barbara?"

"John was in there," she said, moving her close-cropped head a little towards the bank building. "I saw him when he came out. He very carefully didn't see me." She paused. Her father nodded his banker's head.

"It won't do you any good, darling," she said. "Not any good at all." She waited. But he waited, too, smiling faintly—in comradeship—but, she realised, letting her set the pace. He's a very intelligent man, my father, she thought.

"Because," she said, "I won't have it. You've worked on John. Appealed to his ethical sense. Oh, I know you both. It's—it's something out of the dim past."

"What is?" Martin Phillips permitted himself to say, and was told there was no sense in pretending.

"I," she said, "am to be shielded. To be kept above the battle. Look at me."

He did.

"You," she said, "should know better. You should know me better. I don't expect him to, yet. Men have funny ideas about their women, particularly at first. Women—let them."

His face changed a great deal when he really smiled. He said, "Thanks for telling me, Barbara," and then, but very briefly, a smile widened her delicately cut but entirely ample mouth. I've always been glad, Martin Phillips thought, that she hasn't got a little rosebud mouth. She is very like her mother was. Only—quicker. "So you're Hayward's woman, are you?"

"Yes," she said. "Entirely. More than he knows—or needs to know."

"Although," her father said, "you're really a child. Twenty-three next September."

Her gesture dismissed that.

"Then," he said, "your man's in a bad spot, Barbara. Do you know how bad a spot?"

"I've read the papers," she said.

"Worse than that," he said. "Considerably worse. The police came to see me, too. Listen—" He told her how bad a spot John Hayward was in. He told it with economy, dispassionately. He watched her dark eyes; could feel her quick mind ordering what he told her. He watched for doubt to grow in her eyes. It did not.

"And with all that," she said. "You—you what? Told him the bank would reserve judgment? That you would? And—that you trusted him not to

To page 43

BRIGHT NEW CONTEST

● Here's a bright new contest for all those stories of situations that have turned against yourself. Here are two examples as a guide:

STORY No. 1

I WAS at a dance and overheard two girls talking.

One said: "Have you met Joan's friend?"

"Which one?" the other said, "she came in a party."

"The one with the family album face."

It was—ME.

STORY No. 2

I WAS at the lingerie counter of a city shop when a woman came up to me.

"Excuse me," she said, "I'm buying underclothes for my daughter and I can't remember her size. You're about her build. What size do you take?"

"S.W.," I replied.

"Thank you," the woman said, then she looked hard at my face and added: "But of course my daughter is nowhere near as old as you are."

● Get the idea? Beginning next week we will award £2/2/- each for the best two entries every week. Send contributions to "THE LAUGH WAS ON ME," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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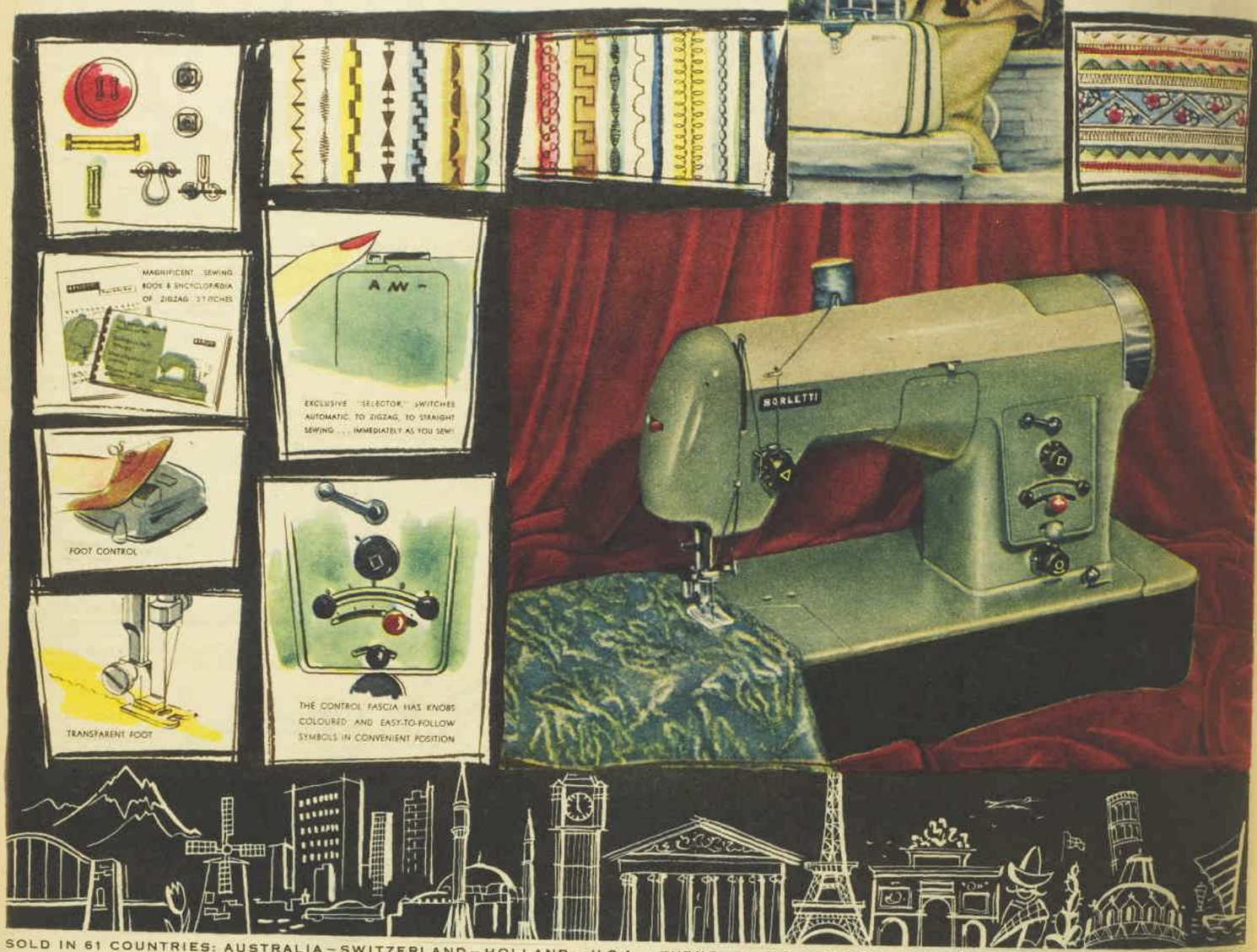

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Continuing . . . .

The Faceless Adversary

from page 41

bring me into so—so squalid—a situation?"

But there was no reproach in her tone.

"Yes," he said. "That's approximately what I told Hayward."

"Taking advantage," she said, "of being his boss. Taking advantage of the dignity of the bank. Taking advantage of being my father."

"Yes," he said. "Taking any advantage I could, my dear."

"And, of course," she said, "the poor baby was—taken in. You knew he would be, because he's that kind of person. You counted on that."

"Yes," Martin Phillips said.

"Knowing that," she said. "Knowing the kind he is, you could still believe—or even half believe—he would kill a girl he'd——" She hesitated, seeking a term her father would not, on her lips, find inappropriate. "Been making love to?" she said.

She is considerate of the conservatism of age, her father thought. It's a long time between generations. She's a very nice girl. He was sorry for her; sorrier than she would want him to show.

"My dear," he said, "there are a good many things you don't know about. Ugly things—violent things."

"Are there?" she said.

"I," Martin Phillips said, "would certainly prefer to think so. As to John—I've always thought very highly of his character. And, for that matter, of his intelligence. But——"

"You consider the evidence," she said. "What on earth has the evidence to do with it? And — thinking he may be a murderer, because of all this evidence — you put him on his honor." She looked intently at her father. "I suppose," she said, "you didn't really use that word?"

That word out of antiquity, Martin Phillips thought. "No," he said, "I spared him that, Barbara." He reached out, patted her knee. "It's a shocking thing" he said. "I — I love you very much, my dear. I—"

She put a slender hand on his large hand.

"Oh," she said. "I know. There's no blame." She patted his hand; sat back in the corner of the seat. "I've been trying to get him on the telephone," she said. "I'm going to keep on trying." She waited. She said, "You hear me, father?"

"Yes," he said.

"Can't you understand what's happening to him?" she said, and for the first time her voice, so desperately kept matter of fact, faltered. "Can't you—" Then she put both hands over her eyes, and her body trembled. "What kind of person do you think I am?" she said. "What kind of—of wax doll—do you think you have for a daughter?" Her clear voice, her very young voice, was smudged. She took her hands down from her face. "Look at me," she said. "You—you loved mother. Can't you see I love John? Can't you—remember?"

". . . And if there is anyone here who can find just cause why these two shall not be joined together . . ."

"Yes," he said. "I remember, Barbara. But — you seem so young." He hesitated. "It's possible," he said, "to fall in love with the wrong people. Not to know what kind of people they are. As you get older—" He stopped himself; the young are easily alienated from the old. He decided that, perhaps fortunately, she was not really listening.

"He must," Barbara said, "think I'm like all the rest. That — that all the facts in the world would make any difference."

He did not try to answer that. I don't, he thought, really know the answer to that. All I know is, you have to act as if facts do make a difference, because there isn't any other way to act. Not, he thought, as you get older.

The car had been going up Park Avenue. It turned to the right off Park Avenue. Clay found a place to bring it to the kerb. Clay did not, as under other circumstances he would have, get out and come around to open the door. He thought they might not have finished. He supposed it was about Mr. Hayward, who had killed what appeared to be a very good-looking girl. It was tough on Miss Barbara.

"I'll keep at it until I get him," Barbara said. "I'll make him let me help. However much he tries——" She did not finish.

"Yes," her father said, "I suppose you will, Barbara. I don't suppose I can stop you."

She patted his hand again.

"In most respects," she said, "you're a very satisfactory father."

"As fathers go," Martin Phillips said, and got out of the car and held his hand out to her, who needed no help, who came out of the car as light as a floating feather. How heavy the years make us, her father thought—how weighted down with facts.

. . . . . .

John Hayward paid the cab driver and crossed the sidewalk of Forty-fourth Street and went into the Harvard Club.

He found the distance from the cab to club lobby far longer than he had ever known it to be; although he went quickly enough, his mind held back. Inside, he felt that he walked stiffly, conscious of inimical eyes.

Actually, he encountered, on his way to the bar, only Pit Woodson, on patrol, as always, for bridge players. And Pit's face — the regular-featured, well-cared-for face of his type, and John's—lighted up and he came forward, with a hand out. "Johnny, boy," Pit said. "Good to see you."

John said, "'Lo, Pit," and took the hand offered him. It appeared, at first, that the news had not penetrated to Pit Woodson. But then, looking more carefully into Pit Woodson's slightly prominent brown eyes, he perceived there a flicker which he took to be of wariness. So Pit had heard. The news had permeated to the most remote bridge table. Which was to be expected; which John had expected.

"Hows about——" Pit Woodson began, the flicker no longer in his eyes—in his eyes only the warm friendliness of a bridge player in search of three others.

"Sorry, Pit," John said. "Afraid I'm tied up." He said this almost by instinct. Probably, he thought, he had said much the same thing Saturday afternoon. (And yet, when one felt like bridge, there was no man in the club, or anywhere else John could think of, better at it than Pit Woodson. The trouble was, presumably, that few felt quite so much like quite so much bridge as Pit did.) "Another time," John said and Pit Woodson said, "Sure, any time," which could be taken literally.

John went into the bar still feeling a kind of stiffness, a consciousness of inimical eyes all about him. Al Curtis was alone near an end of the bar, as he had promised he would be — promised cheerfully enough, after only a momentary pause—when John had got him on the telephone. He had, to be sure, and after that first momentary hesitation, suggested another meeting place. It had been John who had said that he'd much rather they made it the club, and had added he would explain later.

Because, John had decided, in the emptiness of his apartment, what had happened at the club on Saturday afternoon was the simplest, and the most immediate, place to start. The police had been right on that; they had, unfortunately, seemed to be right about almost everything.

Whoever had laid the trap had needed to know one thing: that, at between three and four o'clock Saturday afternoon, John could not prove his whereabouts. And that knowledge probably had been gained at the club.

(It was conceivable, of course, that the murderer had merely chanced to see John sauntering along Fifth Avenue, window shopping at jewellers, and had moved quickly, the trap being ready and only its springing to be done. But this would have been leaving much to chance, and it appeared that, in other respects, the murderer had left little.)

"Hi, John," Al Curtis said, and he made no pretence that he did not know. He went so far as to pat John's shoulder while, briefly, they waited for

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SUNWHITE

APPLE AND RICE PARFAIT

3 cups boiled, salted, drained Sunwhite Rice; 1 lb. apples, cooked and mashed; 2 ozs. sugar; 1 level dessertspoon ground cinnamon; 4 level tablespoons coconut.

Combine the cooked apples, sugar and cinnamon. Place a layer of rice in each of four parfait or pilsener glasses, then a layer of apple, more rice and then the remainder of the apple. Sprinkle thickly with the coconut which has been placed in a low oven or under the griller to brown. ***Serves 4 and costs 8d. per serve, approx.***

** A Susan Lee Whyte Kitchen-tested Recipe.*

SUNWHITE

CURRIED FISH AND RICE

1 lb. fish cutlets—Jewfish, Murray Cod, Schnapper, etc., ¾ pint milk; 2 bayleaves; 4 peppercorns; 1½ level tablespoons butter or margarine; 3 level tablespoons flour; 1 level dessertspoon curry powder; 3 cups boiled, salted, drained Sunwhite rice; salt, pepper; lemon juice; 8 triangles of fried bread or toast.

Wash and trim the fish, then poach till tender in the milk with the bayleaves and peppercorns added. Drain off the milk and use for the sauce. Flake the fish and remove any bones and skin. Melt the butter in a pan, add the flour and curry powder and cook 1 minute. Gradually add the milk, stir till boiling, cook 2 minutes. Add the fish and rice and reheat. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Serve in individual dishes with triangles of fried bread or toast. ***Serves four. Costs approx. 1/4 per serve.***

** A Susan Lee Whyte Kitchen-tested Recipe.*

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Flavour your meals with SUNSHINE

New exciting Pineapple Recipes that will win first prize with all the family

PINEAPPLE BUTTER TARTS:
1,15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Small Cut Pineapple, 2 tablespoons softened butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 egg, 1 cup sponge cake crumbs. Line deep tart pans with rich short pastry. Drain pineapple free from liquid. Add all the remaining ingredients to the pineapple, stirring to blend evenly. Place a spoonful of this filling into each pastry-lined pan. Top with curls of pastry and bake in hot oven (400 degs. F.) about 20 minutes till filling is set and pastry crisp and lightly browned. Serve warm or cold with chilled cream.

MOONGLOW CAKE:
The Cake: 2 ozs. butter, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1¼ cups self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon powdered coffee, ¼ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Sift flour with salt, spices and soda. Cream butter with Sugar. Beat in eggs and vanilla. Add flour mixture alternately with milk. Beat smooth. Bake in greased and flour-dusted recess cake pan in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Cool. Fill recess with Pineapple Moonglow Filling then cover sides and top edges with Butter Cream.

Pineapple Moonglow Filling: 1,20oz can GOLDEN CIRCLE Small Cut Pineapple, juice ⅓ lemon, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, ¼ cup water. Empty contents of can into saucepan and heat to boiling. Add arrowroot blended with water and stir till thickened. Stir in lemon juice. Cool.

ROLLED ROAST PORK with Pineapple Sauce:
1,15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Small Cut Pineapple, 1 oz. shredded green ginger, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped red capsicum, ½ cup chopped eschallots, including green tops. 2 teaspoons cornflour, ¼ cup cold water, a boned shoulder or small loin of pork. Dust the pork with salt and pepper; fill with well-seasoned bread stuffing that has been moistened with the liquid from the pineapple. Roast uncovered in a moderate oven, allowing 40 to 45 minutes per lb. Drain pineapple well, add the ginger, vinegar, salt, pepper, capsicum and eschallots. Bring to boiling point, then thicken with the cornflour blended in the cold water. A teaspoon of brandy can be added if you wish. Serve as the sauce over the roast pork.

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WITH WINTER ALMOST HERE, the family eagerly look forward to their hearty evening meal, especially when it includes one of the desserts illustrated above. See recipes for prune apricot meringue, raspberry whirls, and honey ginger pudding.

Hot Puddings

● With the approach of winter most housewives' thoughts turn to providing hot, more substantial desserts for the family. This page contains a variety of recipes from which the housewife can choose a delicious last course.

STEAMED puddings are a popular form of winter dessert, so one has been given on this page. However, our main selection is recipes that are simply prepared but when cooked and served will present an attractive, out-of-the-ordinary final course.

The predominating flavors of dried fruits, prunes, apricots, honey, frozen raspberries, fresh fruits, and chocolate have been used to provide variety in these recipes.

All spoon measurements are level.

PRUNE APRICOT MERINGUE

Quarter pound dried apricots, ¼lb. stoned dessert prunes, 1½oz. butter, 2 tablespoons honey, extra 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 egg-whites, extra 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Soak apricots overnight in sufficient water to cover. The following day, strain off liquid. Arrange apricots and prunes in greased ovenproof dish, spoon over butter and honey mixed together. Prepare cake mixture. Cream extra butter with the 2oz. sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Pour over contents in dish. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Remove from oven, allow to cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add extra sugar, continue beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture holds its shape. Pile on top of cooked cake mixture, return to slow oven, and bake until meringue is set and lightly browned.

RASPBERRY WHIRLS

Two tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1¾ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 tin frozen raspberries, 2 tablespoons arrowroot.

Thaw raspberries, strain liquid and measure. Make up to 1½ cups with water. Place in saucepan, stir in arrowroot which has been blended with a little extra water. Continue stirring over heat until boiling and slightly thickened. Remove from heat, fold in raspberries, allow to cool. Meanwhile cream butter or margarine with sugar and lemon rind; add egg and milk. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt, mix to a firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to ¼in. thickness. Spread surface with cooled raspberry mixture, roll up as for Swiss roll. Cut into slices 1in. thick, place cut side up in ovenware dish. Trickle remaining raspberry mixture over and bake in moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes.

HONEY GINGER PUDDING

Two and a half ounces butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 eggs, scant ¼ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¾ cup sultanas, 2oz. chopped shredded peel, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger.

Cream butter or substitute with honey and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sultanas, peel, and ginger. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased basin or pudding-mould, cover with greased paper; steam 1½ hours. Unmould, serve with custard.

BAKED BANANA PUDDING WITH LEMON SAUCE

Three ounces butter or margarine, ¾ cup sugar, grated rind 1 orange, 3 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, 3 bananas, ¾ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1-3rd cup milk.

Sauce: Three dessertspoons arrowroot, 1 cup water, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon butter.

Cream shortening with sugar and orange rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour, sliced bananas, and, lastly, soda dissolved in milk. Fill into greased ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve hot with lemon sauce.

Sauce: Blend arrowroot with a little of the water. Add remaining water, sugar, lemon rind and juice. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter.

HOT CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

One cup milk, 1oz. unsweetened chocolate, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1-3rd cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk heated with grated chocolate. When sauce begins to thicken add sugar and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat, add beaten egg-yolks gradually. Return to heat, cook 1 minute longer. Allow to cool slightly, add vanilla, fold in egg-whites which have been stiffly beaten with salt. Place mixture into greased souffle or deep ovenware dish, stand in a dish of warm water. Place in a moderate oven and bake 30 to 40 minutes or until set. Serve with whipped cream.

ORANGE ROLL

Six ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 4 tablespoons milk.

Filling: One tablespoon honey, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, ½ cup water.

Sift flour, rub in shortening, add sugar and orange rind. Mix to a firm dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to ¼in. thickness. Spread with honey, cover with breadcrumbs mixed with orange rind and melted margarine or butter. Moisten edges, roll up, shape into a ring. Gash top in 4 or 5 places. Press roll into greased 7in. sandwich-tin. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes. Pour the ½ cup water into centre cavity of ring, cook a further 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

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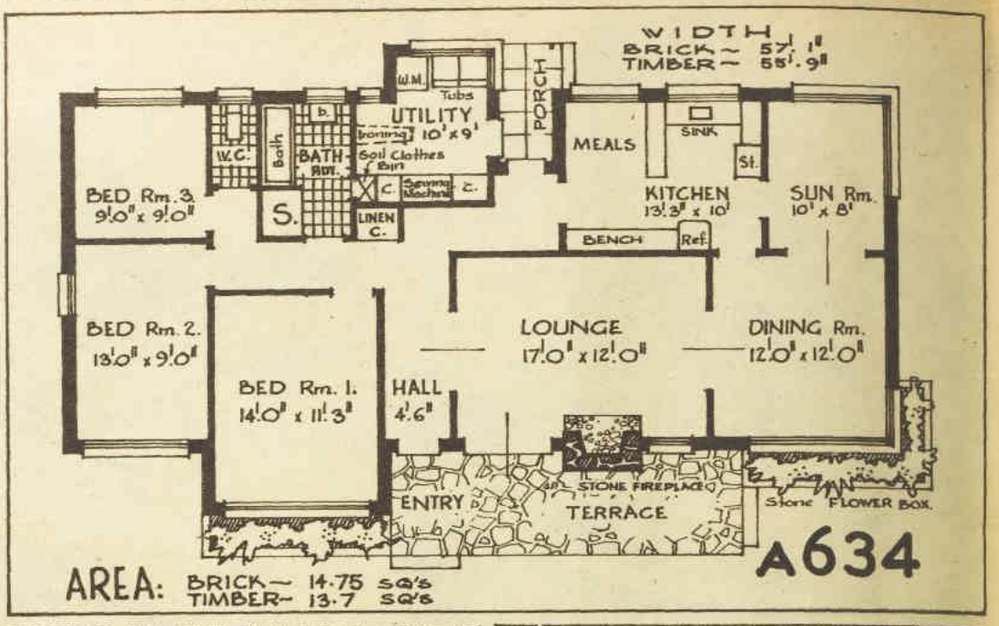

***LAYOUT OF OUR HOME PLAN** shows how living and sleeping areas are divided off. A feature of the plan is the modern labor-saving utility area and laundry combined.*

● Our home plan this week was specially designed to enable the housewife to save time and work in her daily routine.

THE architect, F. T. Humphryis, of Melbourne, has included an attractive utility room where washing, ironing, and sewing can be done in one convenient centre. There is also space for storage.

With new equipment on the market, laundries have become more than just work areas. Good design and bright color schemes make them an attractive part of the home.

The utility room illustrated at right has a special laundry alcove so the steam does not penetrate to other parts of the room. Corner windows admit maximum light and give good ventilation.

A bamboo screen or curtaining could be placed to shut the laundry from view, if desired.

The drop-down ironing-board can be folded away when not in use. A wall of cupboards provides storage and sewing space. Another time-saving feature is the soiled-clothes bin, with a chute from the bathroom.

This chute provides a quick and tidy way of keeping soiled clothes out of sight.

The laundry is only a few steps from the kitchen, so there is a further saving of time for the housewife, who can keep her eye on the meal cooking while she is working in the utility room.

Apart from the excellence of the house from the woman's point of view, the general layout is well organised and is separated conveniently into sleeping and living areas.

An entrance hall gives access to either wing without any cross traffic through rooms, thus helping to keep the house clean and tidy, and reducing the housewife's work.

Bathroom and toilet are in the bedroom wing, but are convenient to the kitchen and utility area to keep plumbing compact and economical.

The kitchen has an island preparation counter and a servery dividing the work area from the well-lit alcove designed for breakfasts and informal family meals.

Both the kitchen and the utility room adjoin the back porch, an added convenience for the housewife when taking washing to the clothesline or answering the tradesman's knock.

The kitchen is also adjacent to the sunroom, which would be an ideal area for children's play during wet weather.

***UTILITY-ROOM** is an attractive, convenient centre where the housewife can wash, iron, sew, and store equipment. The laundry section can be screened off.*

The living area is ideal for family comfort or for entertaining. The lounge, dining, and sun rooms can be opened into one or closed off as desired.

A large stone fireplace is one of the features of the living-room.

Approximate costs of building would be:

In Canberra: Brick, £6300; brick veneer, £5700; timber, £4775.

In New South Wales: Brick, £6200; brick veneer, £5600; timber, £4675; fibro, £4275.

In Victoria: Brick, £5225; brick veneer, £5025; timber, £4150; fibro, £4050.

In Queensland: Brick, £6200; timber, £4150; fibro, £4000.

In South Australia: Brick, £4425; asbestos, £3925.

This plan and hundreds of other home plans can be bought at our Home Planning Centres. The price is £7/7/- per full set.

Plans can also be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill. Our standard plans are also available at the new advisory bureau at 23 Central Avenue, Miranda, established by master builders.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will attend the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

***THE HOUSE IN PERSPECTIVE**, as shown above, is a pleasant home for a family. It is suitable for a wide frontage. A stone chimney and a flower-box add interest.*

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Many entries for pineapple contest

● Hundreds of recipes containing pineapple have already been received in our Pineapple Contest, and every mail brings more from readers who are competing for the cash prizes totalling £1235.

THE recipe our panel of judges selects as the best entered in the contest will win the Grand Champion Prize of £500. In addition, other big prizes, including first prizes of £100 each, will be awarded in the three sections.

These sections are:

- ***Meat***
- ***Desserts***
- ***Cakes***

Send in your favorite pineapple recipe and be in the running for one of the big prizes.

You can send in as many recipes as you like in any or all of the three sections, but remember the one essential ingredient is pineapple.

The recipes can use pineapple in any of its forms—fresh, tinned, candied, or juice.

Beginning in next week's issue, we will publish a recipe selected by our judges from each of the three sections. These three recipes will be awarded a progress prize of £5 each.

The three progress prizes will be awarded and the recipes published weekly for eight weeks.

Winning the progress prizes will not debar these recipes from the chance of winning the big main prizes. A £5 progress prizewinner can still win one of the main prizes in its section, or even the Grand Champion £500 Prize.

The contest will close with our issue of July 16, and the main prizewinners will be announced in a later issue.

All entries in our Pineapple Contest will be opened and the recipes judged by The Australian Women's Weekly food and cookery experts. Our judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

The three sections give competitors a very wide range for their entries.

In the Meat Section, pineapple can be combined with various cuts of meat to provide unusual flavor contrasts in special-occasion or everyday recipes.

In the Desserts Section, recipes for hot or cold dishes can be enhanced by the addition of pineapple in any of its forms—crushed, diced, crystallised, in chunks, or in slices.

In the Cakes Section, pineapple in any of its forms can be used as the predominating flavor in the mixture for large or small cakes, or to enhance the flavor in either fillings or frostings.

This is not a contest for housewives and cooks only. Every member of the family can enter a favorite recipe. Mother, the teenagers (boys as well as girls), the children, and the man of the house are all invited to enter.

The recipe you enter need not be unusual. A family favorite will have just as much chance of winning as an unusual recipe — provided they are both delicious and both contain pineapple.

You could even invent a new recipe of your own as an entry in our contest.

There are several interesting American methods of incorporating pineapple in dishes that might suggest an idea that could lead to the invention of a new recipe for our contest.

Newcomers to Australia may have some recipes of their homeland in which pineapple is used in a method not generally known in Australia.

To enter the Pineapple Contest, write your recipe or recipes clearly on a sheet of paper, attach your name and address to each sheet, mark the recipe according to its section (Meat, Desserts, or Cakes) and send it to:

Pineapple Contest,
Box 5252,
G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Please write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.

To simplify judging of recipes, please use Australian standard weight or cup measures. Use level spoon measurements.

The prizes

HERE are the prizes to be awarded in our Pineapple Contest:

Grand Champion Prize (best recipe entered in competition) . . £500
First Prize in each of the three sections . . £100
Second Prize in each section £50
Third Prize in each section £20
Fourth Prize in each section £5

Thirty £1 consolation prizes will be awarded in each section. In addition, three £5 progress prizes will be awarded each week.

Dinner dish wins £5 prize

● An economical but appetising dish suitable for winter nights wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

THE richly flavored liquid that cooks with the lamb shanks makes an ideal sauce to serve with the dish.

Bannock Pie, a variation of an old English recipe, wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

LAMB SHANKS WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

Four or 5 lamb or veal shanks, 1 large onion (sliced), 2 tablespoons fat, seasoned flour, 2 rashers chopped bacon, 1 tin tomato puree, 1½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup vinegar, 4 cups cooked rice, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled green pepper.

Heat fat in pan, add sliced onion and bacon, and fry until lightly browned; remove from pan. Dust shanks with seasoned flour, place in pan and brown on all sides. Drain off excess fat. Combine tomato puree, water, salt, sugar, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, mustard, onion, and bacon. Pour over shanks in large saucepan, cover with tightly fitting lid, simmer 2 hours or until meat is tender. Arrange on large platter on a bed of rice mixed with green pepper. Serve sauce separately.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Duck, 148 Carrington Street, West Wallsend, N.S.W.

BANNOCK PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 cup stale cake-crumbs, ¾ cup milk, 2 eggs, pinch salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons each raspberry jam and coconut, extra 4 tablespoons sugar.

Combine cake-crumbs, milk, egg-yolks, salt, sugar, butter, spice, and vanilla, stand aside ½ hour. Divide pastry into two, making one portion a little larger than the other. Roll larger portion out to ¼in. thickness, line base and sides of 7in. sandwich-tin or tart-plate; fill with prepared crumb mixture. Spread jam and coconut over filling; moisten edges. Cover top with remaining pastry, rolled thinly. Place in hot oven, bake 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 25 to 30 minutes. Remove from oven, allow to cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add extra sugar. Pile on to pie, place in moderate oven until meringue is set and browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Mallon, 112 Deham Street, Rockhampton, Qld.

LAMB SHANKS served on a bed of fluffy boiled rice make a meal that is tasty and substantial, and also easy on the budget. See recipe this page.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is a steamed meat shape to be served hot or cold. It makes use of cold cooked meat, costs six and sixpence, and serves five.

STEAMED MEAT SHAPE

One and a half to two cups minced cooked cold corned beef or lamb, 2 eggs, 1 large tomato, ¾ pint thick white sauce, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, dry breadcrumbs.

Combine meat, beaten eggs, chopped tomato, sauce, and seasonings. Fill into mould or large china basin greased and sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Cover with double thickness of greased paper and steam 1½ hours. Unmould after standing 10 minutes. To serve cold, allow to become cold, then chill before serving.

RHEUMATIC PAINS
INCLUDING
Neuritis Sciatica Fibrositis
ALL ACHING JOINTS AND MUSCLES
NEW HOPE FOR SUFFERERS

If you suffer from any of the above-mentioned troubles, you should try the modern vaccine method of counter-acting the germs which cause the rheumatic inflammation. *Ask your Chemist for the oral vaccine, Lantigen 'C', which is prepared by fully qualified bacteriologists working under medical direction.*

Lantigen starts acting from the first dose to reinforce the body's natural healing power, (1) to kill the rheumatic germs, (2) to neutralise their poisons which have circulated through the system. Thus the cause of inflammation is corrected, pain is relieved, swelling reduced. You sleep better and freedom of movement returns. Relief often lasts for years. *Lantigen costs only a few pence daily.*

WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS

Pain and inflammation of joints. Stiffness from inflamed nerves and muscles. Muscular pains in shoulders, back, arms and legs.

READ WHAT USERS SAY:

FREE FROM PAIN
"I could not sleep from pain. After the second bottle, I did not have a pain. That was two years ago and I have not had a recurrence."
Mr. C.C., Cowra, N.S.W.

CRIED WITH PAIN
"I was bad with rheumatics in my hands, shoulders and legs. My feet were swollen three times normal. I shuffled round almost crying with pain. Now there is no swelling and not a pain or ache anywhere."
D.B., Beaudesert, Qld.

FREE BOOKLET
about Lantigen from your chemist or write to Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 103 York Street, Sydney.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR
Lantigen 'C'
ORAL VACCINE
that's taken like an ordinary medicine for Rheumatic Disorders of a germ-born origin
OVER 5 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD
★ ORIGINAL OF TESTIMONIAL ON OUR FILES 110.C.82

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

Try this
CHOCOLATE CAKE
with Clever Judy Frosting

8 oz. (*2 level cups*) plain flour
4 level teaspoons baking powder
½ level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda
Pinch salt
4 oz. (½ *cup*) butter
6 oz. (*1 cup*) sugar
2 eggs (*separated*)
2 level tablespoons Bournville Cocoa
⅔ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

CLEVER JUDY FROSTING
1½ cups sifted icing sugar
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 level tablespoons Bournville Cocoa
2 tablespoons top milk or cream
1 rounded tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon chopped nuts

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and bi-carbonate of soda. Cream together the butter and sugar and add the vanilla. Stir in the sifted cocoa. Add the egg yolks, beat well. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Divide evenly into 2 well greased 7-inch sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool. Cut each layer through the centre. Join together with Clever Judy Frosting and use the remaining frosting to ice the top. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

To make the frosting. Cream the butter slightly, add the sifted icing sugar and then the egg yolk and milk. Beat in the cocoa and continue beating over ice until correct consistency to spread. Flavour with vanilla.

CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA

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... sentenced to life !

For the term of your natural life that's the sentence, just as sure as Dad and the kiddies keep filling up the dirty clothes basket. A lifetime of drudgery in weekly instalments—with copper, tubs, steam and heavy wet clothes. But, there is a way out—a way to cut your washing time by half and more—a way to end back-breaking labour for good. Stop doing it the hard way and WASH BY MACHINE. A modern washing machine can take over your washday worries right from today! Ask your local electrical retailer to show you the full range of well-known manufacturers' models. He'll advise on your individual needs and arrange a home demonstration. And you couldn't choose a better time to see him—it's National Washing Machine Month!

EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE!

Inserted by THE HOME LAUNDRY MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA A Division of the Chamber of Manufactures of N.S.W.

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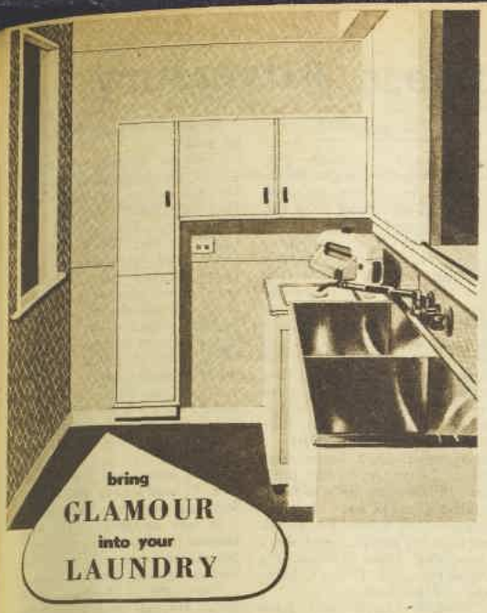

Yes, you can easily and economically transform your laundry with "Duradec," the plastic-surfaced coloured wall sheet by Wunderlich. "Duradec" is available in a range of 6 modern colours. Backed with white—it is resistant to soap, heat, steam and stains, making it the ideal laundry wall.

FREE Write to Wunderlich Ltd., Dept. DD, Box 474, G.P.O., Sydney, for coloured folder and sample.

Wunderlich
DECORATED ASBESTOS-CEMENT WALL SHEETS

"DURADEC"

Available from Hardware and Timber Merchants

"SURF and my Launderoll washer are perfect partners!"

"I've never written a letter like this before, but I want to tell you of the success I've had with Surf. Ever since I moved into a new home three years ago I have had endless washday problems. I tried all kinds of washing powders and water softeners, but nothing seemed able to wash my clothes really white or stop the formation of lime soap scum.

"But now, it's miraculous! Since I switched to Surf I have overcome every washing difficulty. Surf stays scum-free, even in our hard water. My linen is really white now and my coloureds are the cleanest they've ever been!

"I have told many of my friends about Surf and they are all delighted with the results!"

Surf gives you the WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH!

Surf THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

SF.28.WW62H

CRANKY children often have
WORMS

Don't punish your children when they become cranky and irritable — they may have worms. Other symptoms are itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms with Comstock's Worm Tablets—8/9 per bottle.

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

Give Baby Lovely Curls

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly . . . removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

The use of

Soaps and detergents

● The answer to the soap versus synthetic detergent controversy is that although detergent is better for some laundry jobs, soap is still more efficient for others.

AS a general rule, use soap for white cottons and linens; use synthetic detergents for coloreds, wool, silk, and synthetic fabrics.

One of synthetic detergents' main advantages is that they will cleanse in hard water, even sea water.

Soap's cleansing power is more limited; but if used in warm or hot, SOFT water, soap is more effective for some jobs.

In hard water, soap combines with the minerals to form a scum, and loses some of its cleansing power.

The use of special water-softeners now on the market—even such a simple, though less efficient, one as borax—helps overcome this.

WHAT TO USE AND WHEN:

● **Mild soaps** (white cakes and flakes) are suitable for hand-washing in warm, soft water of fine cotton and soft white woollens.

HOW MUCH:

Use enough soap to get a good lather.

If using in an automatic washing-machine where the lather cannot be gauged by the eye, use 1 tablespoon of flakes for a small load of clothes, 2 tablespoons for a full load. If the water is hard, double the quantity of soap and add 1 tablespoon of water-softener.

Too much soap builds up so much foam that an automatic machine is flooded. This interferes with the washing action, as well as being bad for the intricate mechanical parts of the machine.

If it does happen, stop the machine and pour cold water in through the trap until the foam subsides.

● **General soaps** (soap powders or washing bars) used in **hot, soft** water are the most efficient cleansing agents for the average soiled family wash of household linen, as well as for all cotton garments and colorfast heavy-duty cotton clothes.

As they dissolve less readily than mild soaps, they are more suited to use in a copper or washing-machine than to hand-washing.

Directions for the amount to use are the same as for mild soaps.

● **Synthetic detergents** can be used for all fabrics in soft or hard, warm or hot water, but are particularly efficient for wool, silk, and synthetic fabrics.

They will dissolve dirt without the need for excessive rubbing, which is responsible for felting and shrinking of wool.

Wash nylon and other synthetic fabrics with detergent in **hot** water.

For amount to use watch instructions, but experience is the best teacher.

Excessive use of detergent may fade delicate colors.

Do not use soap and synthetic detergent in the same wash. One kills the good effects of the other.

MODERN LAUNDERING AIDS

ADJUSTABLE - HEIGHT ironing-table has a mesh top to let out steam, and neat-fitted cover.

SPACE-SAVING cupboard—box shelves attached to back of door — keeps laundry aids handy.

and

Robin STARCH

keeps things crisper, cleaner, longer

Men go for Mustard!

..but it must be Keen's

MO63F

Worn out?

YOUR NERVES NEED

Sanatogen

The PROTEIN nerve tonic

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Headaches go . . .

DISPRIN DISSOLVES . . . acts rapidly
Because Disprin really dissolves (and does not merely break up), it is easier for your system to absorb. Disprin passes quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. Its pain-relieving action is rapid and thorough.

FAR LESS ACID . . . better for the stomach
Because Disprin is substantially non-acid, as well as being soluble, it is far less likely to cause dyspepsia or stomach upset.

PLEASANT . . . easy to take
Disprin is palatable and agreeable to take. And that, combined with its comparative non-acidity, makes Disprin particularly suitable for children.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin

TO RELIEVE PAIN DISPRIN NEUTRAL SOLUBLE ASPIRIN

DISPRIN Regd.
***dissolves* pain quickly and safely**

D3/56

Watch every week for news about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

That first Birthday Party . . .

Baby's first party will be much happier if you keep it small — and short! Too many people are too exciting. Keep the food simple, too — a plain cake with no cream and tiny, individual servings of Heinz Junior Apples topped off with gaily coloured jellies. Small, one-bite pieces of bread and nonpareils complete an ample menu for this all-important day.

AT BEDTIME, toddlers can be very difficult — sometimes with reason. Daytime fears like a teasing playmate or an over-playful puppy carry over till nighttime. So spend a little time sitting in the nursery and you'll have a soothed child instead of a very ruffled one!

"DIFFICULT" EATERS are mostly made, not born. Don't force food down baby's throat. Perhaps he really isn't hungry just now. One meal missed won't do any harm. He'll be twice as hungry when you serve his next protein-packed meal of Heinz Junior Vegetable Beef Dinner. Follow up with Heinz Junior Pineapple Rice and baby has a really royal feed.

HEINZ
Baby Foods

57

Over 40 varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings, for young and older babies.

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

drinks. But the good-fellowship of that was only formal; Curtis' face remained without expression, there was constraint in his eyes. (Standing side by side at the bar, John thought, we are almost precisely of a height. Perhaps Al is a few pounds heavier. His eyes are grey and his hair is lighter than mine.)

By agreement, unspoken, they took their drinks to a table. On the way they passed a larger table, at which half a dozen men sat—older men, known to John only as members he had seen before, usually in the bar. But one of the men looked up as they passed and then, as a result, presumably, of some comment softly made, the others looked.

They looked carefully at John Hayward, and it seemed to him that all their eyes narrowed; that suspicion, even a kind of resentment, emanated from the eyes of the men at the table. He felt the muscles of his neck stiffen again, and he looked away from the men at the table.

"I'm in a heck of a spot," John said, when they were seated.

"Yes," Curtis said. "So I gather. Anything I can——" But he did not finish, and his tone was detached, committed him to even less than the half-made offer.

"There might be," John said. "They've got me mixed up with someone else."

Al Curtis nodded to that, but he said nothing. John told him how things stood, or told him enough. A good deal depended, obviously, on Saturday afternoon.

"When the girl was killed," Curtis said. "Yes, I should think it might."

John felt his nerves tighten at the tone. But he could not let them.

"It was deliberate," he said. "It was planned the way it's working out. So, there was one thing somebody had to know." He told Al Curtis what it was.

"In short," Curtis said, "did you tell me that you were going to take this—walk?" His eyes narrowed. "You're not getting ideas, are you? About me?"

"I'm trying to get things straight," John said. "I haven't got any ideas about anybody. You see——" He paused. "Look," he said, "I want you to help me piece it out. It didn't have any importance then. Sometimes, things like that—unimportant things—two people can remember. Maybe something somebody said will remind one of——"

"All right," Curtis said. "I know what you mean. All right—as I remember it, you said something like that. Yes."

"We came out of the dining-room," John said. "Started towards the door and you said something — wait a minute. You'd started on ahead——"

"Yeah," Curtis said. "I turned around and said something about, could I drop you somewhere. You said no because——" He shrugged. "It was pretty trivial. How d'you expect anybody——"

"Wait," John said, "wasn't it this way? Didn't you say you'd drop me and didn't I say something about doing some shopping? Or—first that I thought I'd walk home and then, that maybe I'd do a little shopping on the way?"

"I guess it was something like that," Curtis said. He watched John.

But now it had come back; most of it had come back.

They had still been inside; there had been several other men within earshot, drifting from a leisurely lunch towards the street, towards a leisurely afternoon. (Towards bars, towards girls, towards home and wives.)

"I said I guessed not," John said. "That I thought I'd give my legs a stretch. That I had one or two things I wanted to pick up. Don't you remember that?"

Continuing . . . .

The Faceless Adversary

from page 43

"It sounds right," Curtis said. "I remember you came out about the same time I did, and I got a cab and—yes, I remember you were walking up towards Fifth."

"Pit Woodson," John said, "there were several around. He was one of them. But—did I say anything to him about having a date?"

"Don't remember you did," Curtis said, but then he shrugged slightly. "But it is something one says to Pit. Good old Pit."

"Who else?" John said. "You remember anybody else?"

"No," Al Curtis said, but then he said, "Wait a minute. Dick Still was around. Maybe he was the one told Pit he had a date. And your pal Roberts. Wasn't he around?"

"Hank Roberts? No, I don't think——"

"Sure he was," Curtis said. "Just coming in from the bar. You'd have had your back to him, probably. He had somebody with him—Princeton man. Named, I met him. Morton or something."

"Russ Norton? Was that who it was?"

It sounded right, Curtis said. Anything special about a Russ Norton?

"Friend of a friend of mine," John said. "No, nothing special."

(A man who, a year or so ago, had seen a good deal of Barbara Phillips. Had taken her places and——)

"Hank Roberts," John said. "Dick Still. Pit—looking for a fourth."

"Probably," Curtis said, "for a second and a third, too."

"This man who was maybe Russ Norton. Anybody else you remember?"

"Who could have heard you? Two or three others, I'd think. And—I heard you, I was the one you were talking to."

"All right," John said, "where did you go, Al? When you drove off in a cab?"

Curtis looked at him for some time.

"It's none of your business, is it?" Curtis said finally. "But—I went to see a girl friend. I had a very pleasant afternoon. And—she doesn't live in the Village. And she hasn't got red hair. And, oh yes, she's still alive." He looked at John again, from expressionless eyes. "Very, very much alive," Al Curtis said. "If you know what I mean, Hayward."

There was enmity in Curtis' voice and to it, John realised, he had no answer, could make no apology. It was only for himself, John thought, that the order of things had broken down, and with it the established reticencies.

To Al Curtis, what one did and whom one saw were matters not to be inquired into by outsiders; for him, that had not changed. Intrusion—particularly when it might be interpreted to involve suspicion—was still something to be surprised at, and to resent.

And yet, John thought—sipping his drink, not directly answering—I don't know it is only that. I don't actually know Al Curtis. I only know about him—that he is my age or near enough, and went to Harvard; that he has a place in the conntry with a tennis court, and that he knows a good many poeple I know. But when you come to it, John thought further—lighting a cigarette—I don't know them either. They are merely familiar—familiar shapes and faces, familiar voices, familiar opinions and habits. Pit Woodson lives for bridge, but I don't know why. Hank Roberts is a Democrat, and I don't know why. Russ Norton—

"Well?" Curtis said, from across the table.

"Oh," John said. "Sorry, Al."

"It's all right," Al Curtis said. "Only, don't get ideas. Ready for another?"

John wasn't. But he was about to say he was, so to make conventional amends, when a club servant came through the bar, looking from table to table. He found what he sought, as John had suddenly known he would, and came to their table and said, "Telephone, Mr. Hayward."

John stood up at once and said, "Thanks, Al," and followed the servant. He went into a booth and said, "This is John Hayward."

"The signals you and Dad worked out," Barbara Phillips said. "They're off. I'm a girl won't be protected."

He could not answer for a moment. Her voice was too clear, came too clearly from a remembered hour.

"So," Barbara said, seeming entirely to understand his silence, "you buy me a drink and dinner and then we go to work on this. Together."

"No," he said. "It's bad enough for you already."

"Oh," she said, "don't you know anything? Not anything?" Although she did not raise her voice, there was a cry in it. But at the same time there was evidently irritation. "Don't you see I can't be left out? Won't be left out?"

"Your father was right," he said. "Don't think I—"

"There's no right or wrong about it," she said, not waiting. "To him, I'm a daughter. He can't help that. To you, I'm—whatever you want to call it. I don't know what you do call it. But to me, I'm me. Where will you meet me?"

"I promised your father—" he said.

"You're unpromised then. I'm at the Algonquin. There? Or shall I come and picket the Harvard Club?"

In spite of everything, he smiled at that. She was here, there, and everywhere, and lovely. And as the smile faded it was because a moment of tender amusement was submerged, engulfed by his great longing to see her, to hear her voice close, not thus strained through mechanism.

"And," she said, "I told my father. He's wiser than you. A little. He knows now that it won't work." She paused for an instant.

"And before you say it," she said, "I won't have you stuffy. Standing on ethics. Where?"

It was no good. He had known it would be no good. Something sang in his mind because it would be no good.

"Not the Algonquin," he said. He had been there only once or twice; he thought it would be full of gossip columnists, of writers — probably the people who wrote for newspapers. She, at any rate, they would recognise; perhaps from his picture they would recognise him. (Although I look like everybody.) He could avoid that, or try to.

He said, "It shouldn't be anywhere. I know that, if you don't. But — you know Monet's?" It was a small place in the East Fifties, near Third. It had a tiny, uncrowded lounge — uncrowded, at any rate, until later.

She knew Monet's.

"I'll meet you there," he said. "In the bar. In about half an hour."

"Why don't you merely walk down the street—" she began, but then said, "Oh, all right. Perhaps you're right."

He left the booth. At a table near it, Pit Woodson had assembled his second and his third and his fourth. "Four no trump," Pit said. He was quite changed at the bridge table, particularly when in pursuit of a slam. Hank Roberts was Pit's partner. He said, "Five hearts." It appeared that they might be on their way, although Roberts was by no means as good as Pit.

John went out into the late light of Forty-fourth Street. Across the street, doing nothing in particular, was a tall man with a drooping face. This was unanticipated. But, thought about, it was, of course, something to be expected. On bail or not on bail, he was also on a string. Detective Nathan Shapiro, of the sad eyes, was part of the string.

It was instinct, or seemed to be, that sent John's hand up in signal to an approaching cab. It was luck the cab was empty.

It was not rational — or could be rationalised only as an effort, still, to keep Barbara out of it. Why, he wondered, even as he said "Grand Central" to the cab driver, am I doing this? This is a kind of running. I've — well, I've paid my dues. For the time being. But then he realised why. It was not impossible that that particular segment of time had run out; that Shapiro was on hand to pick him up.

Well, he would see Barbara first, however he ran for it — whatever it looked like to Shapiro and Miller and the rest. At any rate, he'd try.

He looked back, through the rear glass. He could not see Shapiro. But it was unlikely that Shapiro would be easily shaken off, if he wanted to stay on. Probably he had a car ready, or a cab.

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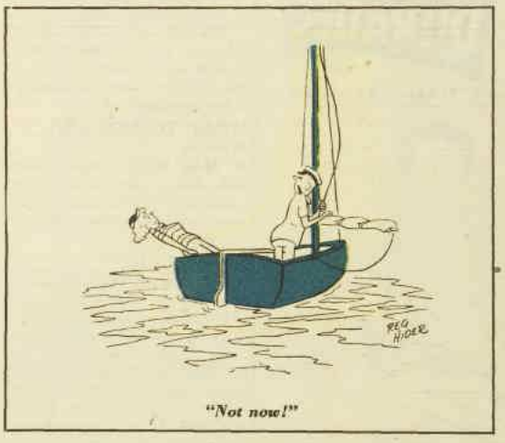

"Not now!"

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WENDY WEEKLY AS A BRIDE

● This week make Wendy Weekly into a beautiful bride with this glamorous outfit. Cut out the arms (below) to give her a bouquet. Next week Wendy has a "shortie" nightdress, dressing-gown, and smart topcoat

SCHOOL HOLIDAY SECTION

While he turns his head

* Creme Puff

gives you lasting beauty . . . instantly

Never before was there a make-up so easy to carry . . . so pleasant to use . . . so quick to apply. *In seconds* Creme Puff gives you the breath-taking loveliness of a smooth, flawless naturally youthful finish . . . and it stays smooth and lovely *for hours.*

Ivory mirror compact with puff . . . 14/11
Metal refill with puff . . . 9/11
Spare puffs . . . 2/6

MAX FACTOR

MADE IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA HOLLYWOOD

*Creme Puff (trade mark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up.

Never sags — never shrinks

There's a faithful fit, a subtle cling in dresses and knitwear of Ban-Lon. The secret's the exclusive crimp in Ban-Lon textured yarn. If you're pussessive about soft, luxurious garments, better be sure they're Ban-Lon.

All leading stores recommend garments of

BAN-LON

textured nylon yarn

Meltonian

TAKES *SPECIAL* CARE OF GOOD SHOES

★ Smooth, nourishing cream
★ Enriches the colour
★ Preserves the finish

IN ALL FASHIONABLE SHADES

JARS & TUBES

WHEN BUYING SHOES . . . BUY MATCHING MELTONIAN

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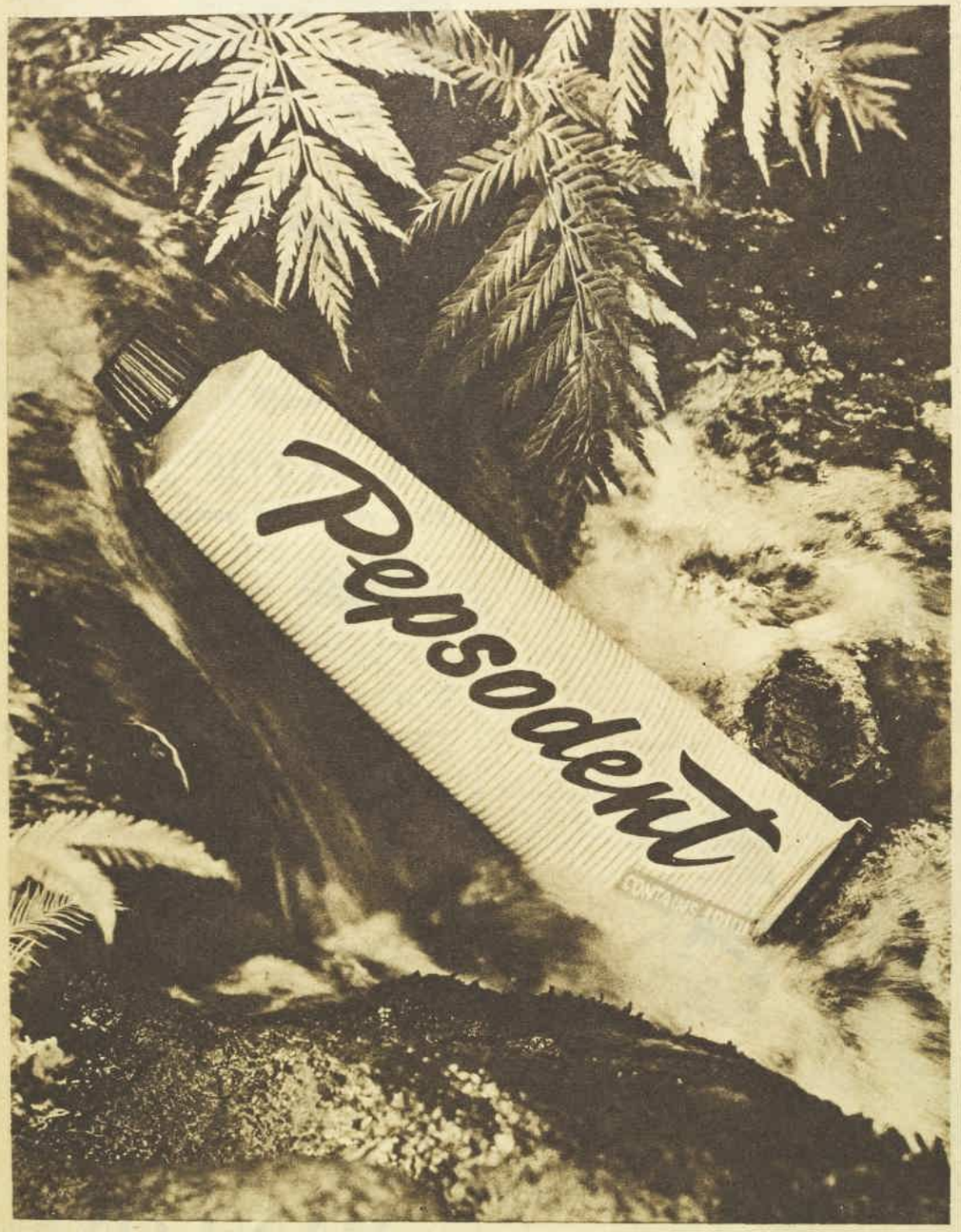
NEW! COOL! MINT-FRESH!



Your mouth never felt so Cool and Clean—your teeth never looked so White before!

3,600 WOMEN IN NEWCASTLE tried the new Pepsodent and voted its mint-fresh flavour head and shoulders above the rest. As a toothpaste flavour it's just right — not hot, not sticky but so cool, clean, really *mint-fresh*. And the clean, wholesome feeling lasts in your mouth the whole day through. Of course, the Irium is still in Pepsodent to give you the whitest teeth. Buy Economy size and save up to 2/2.

Pt.155.WW144gr

Continuing . . . .

The Faceless Adversary

from page 50

John's own cab stopped for the lights at Fifth. It stopped again at Madison; at Vanderbilt, a traffic patrolman held up his hand against the cab. Shapiro wouldn't need transport; he could keep up on foot. Finally, they stopped in the station's cab port.

John went down the stairs, by no means running — going no faster than a man might with a train to catch. At the bottom of the stairs he turned sharply right and then, after he had passed Schrafft's food shop, left. He went through a narrow door, down steep stairs, to the bar-restaurant. But he did not actually go into it. He went left into the corridor outside the men's room on the lower level. He went through and came out on the lower level.

He walked through the concourse, not hurrying now; now stopping to take a timetable from a rack, and so making an opportunity to look back. He saw a good many people, but not Shapiro. It was possible that he had been shaken off. (It was also possible that he had not really intended to stay on. It was conceivable that

"Sleeves? What in the world would you want with sleeves in a sock?"

he had had other business across the street from the Harvard Club. John had no knowledge as to how many irons a policeman might keep simultaneously in the fire.)

John went through the lower level concourse, and through a passage to the East Side subway. The rush hour had waned, but the platforms still were crowded. He walked the length of one platform, through the crowd, and up the stairs and back to the street again.

He bought a newspaper at a stand, and took time to look about. There was no sign of Shapiro. He got a cab, after a little waiting on the corner, and was driven to Monet's.

It had not really taken half an hour, but she was there. She was at a table in a corner of the small room, and the corner would have been dark if she had not been there.

For a moment she did not seem to see him, and in that moment John felt again that peculiar coldness in his mind. What would he see when he looked into her eyes? In spite of all she said, what would her eyes betray? For eyes betray; he knew that now. It was one of the things he had learned since, less than forty-eight hours ago, he had seen her last.

John walked through the dim room towards the light in the corner.

She saw him, then. As he came towards her, she held out both hands across the table. For a moment he stood looking down at her, looking into her dark eyes. Although she smiled, there was sadness in her eyes. But there was no doubt in them.

It is not difficult to believe when you are not alone.

John leaned down to her and for an instant her lips seemed to leap under his.

He sat down, then, opposite her.

"For one who's not the public kissing type," Barbara Phillips said, and it was as easy as that—as casual seeming as that, and as close as that. "We can do with a drink," she said, and then, absurdly, her voice trembled a little. Of all the absurd things, Barbara Phillips thought. I do all right and then I ask for a drink and then —then of all times. "Can I," she said, quite steadily, "have a whisky sour?"

"I don't approve," John said. "But—yes."

It was as easy as that, again. Their drinks came, and she started to drink a little rapidly, and stopped herself. He was watching her across the table. He looks older than he did, she thought. But his face hasn't changed.

"Was it awful?" she said. "Tell me, darling."

She used the word "darling" often, as many do. She did not often use the word in this special way.

He told her. It took considerable time. It took another drink, and when, upstairs, in a booth, they had finished dinner, it still was not all told.

Finally it was.

"Who was the girl?" she said, and for an instant the question startled him. She saw the surprise in his eyes, patted his nearer hand, told him not to be an idiot. "You think it's against you," she said. "Perhaps it is. But—why? And—why not against the girl?"

He shook his head.

"The police wonder that," she said. "And—need to know. That must be why they did it this way—let you go, as a witness. Instead of keeping you in gaol. Isn't that true? Because there's a gap in what they know?"

"Probably," he said.

"John," she said, "why did you keep the key?"

He was not entirely clear, he told her. He'd thought that, somehow, he might use it. Then he said, "That picture of me. If I knew where it was taken, it might—" He spread his hands a little. "It won't be there now," he said.

"When I was quite a small girl," Barbara Phillips said, "my father had a saying. 'You never know till you try,' he used to say. A good many people say that, I suppose. Father is usually more original. Still—"

"Not you," said John, but there was no conviction in his voice.

"I," Barbara said, "am a girl who won't be protected. I thought we were clear on that."

It had grown dark when they left the restaurant. But complete darkness is not permitted on Manhattan's streets. There was light enough, as they waited for a cab, for John to look around — look first across the street, and then to right and to left. He did not see Shapiro, or any of the others. But, to his right, a man was standing looking into a lighted show window. John wondered what engrossed him, and thought that New York has many detectives. But then a cab came.

If they wanted him they would get him later if not now — at his apartment if not on the streets.

"Was that the man?" she said. "Shapiro?"

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SCHOOL HOLIDAY SECTION

New puppy talk contest

● This week's pedigree puppy prize is a Welsh Corgi — just like the ones owned by Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

WRITE and tell us—in 10 words or less — what you think the puppy might be saying if he could talk.

The boy or girl, aged 12 or under, who submits the best entry will be the winner.

Send in as many entries as you like—accompanied by the entry form. And don't forget the 12 five-shilling consolation prizes each week.

Age will be taken into consideration when judging entries, and all four winners will be announced in our June 18 issue.

Entries for Puppy Talk No. 3 close on May 28. Mrs. E. M. H. McNair, of Bankstown, N.S.W., is the breeder of this week's prize.

❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖

HAVING mastered the art of "heeling," there are two more lessons which a dog should learn.

The first is to sit on command, and the second to come when called. The advantages of both are obvious.

In teaching the dog to sit, bring him to "heel" with his lead on. As the command "Sit" is given, lift his head slightly with the lead, and press lightly on his hindquarters until he drops to a natural sitting position.

Repeat this consistently, giving plenty of encouragement when he does it properly.

The exercise should be reasonably well mastered within a week, when he may be taught without the lead.

Coming when called is rather more difficult.

Taken to a park, he should be allowed to romp for a few minutes and then called.

Never punish the dog for taking a long while to answer your command — he'll take MUCH longer next time.

Remember that the whole principle of training lies in making sure that the dog knows what is required of him, and being firm and kindly in your instruction.

PUPPY TALK — No. 3

NAME ..... *AGE* .....

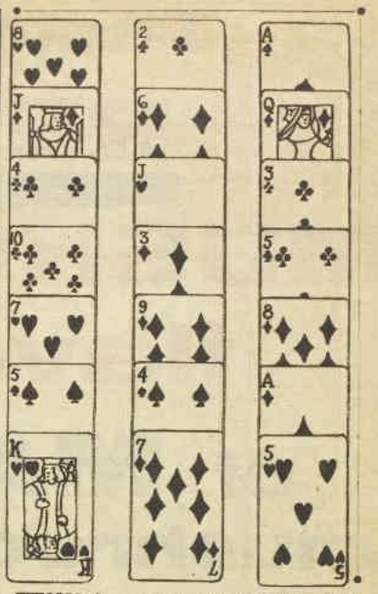
ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

I agree that the judges' decision will be final, and that no correspondence concerning this decision will be entered into.

Send your entries to: "Puppy Talk—No. 3," Box 5252 P.C., G.P.O., Sydney.



THIS is a good old standby—with an extra little twist.

Deal any 21 cards into three files of seven, face up, as shown above. The first three cards are dealt horizontally across, the next three cards also across so that they overlap the first three, and so on.

NEXT STEP: Tell someone to secretly select a card. He is not to name it; you must know only which file it is in.

Now pick up the cards file by file (retaining the exact order of each file), picking up the indicated file SECOND, so that it is BETWEEN THE OTHER TWO FILES.

Turn the reunited 21 cards face down and deal them as you did the first time. Your subject again indicates the file containing his card, you collect the files (his in the middle), and deal them as before.

Your subject again indicates his file. Collect as before, turn the cards face down, and begin facing them one by one. The 11th card is the one your subject selected.

THE TWIST: Don't reveal your subject's card immediately. Pass it and he'll think you've made a mistake. Then go back over the cards to the 11th and turn it over.

'Vaseline' WONDER-FOAM — the shampoo especially made for the girl who shampoos every week — *(or more often.)*

Margo McKendry

— charming Australian mannequin, parades in crowded showrooms — where dust can soon dull hair. Like busy girls everywhere she shampoos at least once a week. That's why Margo chooses gentle 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam — keeps hair shining soft and easy to manage — no matter how often she uses it.

One of Margo's beauty secrets is ballet exercises. Here she practises on a quiet Sydney beach.

Cleanses softly, gently, safely — cannot dry your hair like harsh shampoos

Here's why you can use 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam as often as you like — 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a new kind of lather — a pure, **soapless** foam. Tiny bubbles free the oils of your scalp of dirt and dandruff but **never** wash natural oils away. So don't take risks with strong shampoos or soaps that leave dulling film and take too much oil out of your hair. You can use 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam time and time again — a vital point to remember when choosing your shampoo. So enjoy the gentle luxury of 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam and give your hair glorious sheen, a fresh feeling and new **softness.**

Trade Mark
'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo

Available at all chemists and stores. Bubble 1/3, Small 3/9, Large 5/6, Family Economy 8/6.

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

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Taste the REAL MUSHROOM flavour of MAGGI mushroom soup

Maggi Mushroom Soup is *real* mushroom soup rich with prime, luscious mushrooms at their delicious, flavourful best.
And don't forget this: Maggi Mushroom Soup is made to a very special recipe. That's the secret of its fascinating flavour. and all the preparation has been done *for* you. You simply put the contents of the Maggi packet into a saucepan with water, bring to the boil, then simmer for a few minutes. There are 4 palate-tempting, heart-warming, man-sized bowls of creamy mushroom soup in every packet.

Mushroom Sauce

Make this marvellous Mushroom Sauce. Serve it with steak! 1 Packet of Maggi Mushroom Soup; 1 Cup of Water; 1 Cup of Milk (preferably made with "Sunshine").

Carry out directions for mixing as on the back of packet but using 1 cup of water only. Simmer for 20 minutes, stirring constantly, and then add 1 cup of "Sunshine" Milk and stir well.

MANY WONDERFUL VARIETIES
MUSHROOM • MINESTRONE
CHICKEN NOODLE • TOMATO
PEA WITH HAM • OXTAIL
PEA WITH VEGETABLES • CREME OF CHICKEN
TOMATO AND VEGETABLES

NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCTS

N63-58

Plants for BRIGHT EDGES

• *A border of vittadinia (above), which has tiny, whitish, daisy-like flowers, sets off the more exotic crotons, calocasias, a variegated yucca, and a tree-fern in this fine garden bed. Greenery and color make good bedfellows in such a display.*

• Increasingly, gardeners are varying plants and the way they use them as edges to achieve vivid and more interesting displays. Shown here are some of the ways annuals and perennials can be featured singly, or with other colors, or as color accents against green.

• *Ajuga reptans, or bugleweed (above), a low-growing perennial with marbled leaves and short spikes of blue flowers, contrasts attractively with Bambusa variegata, flag iris, and dianthus. It makes a fine ground cover for banks or as a border where sunlight is rare. It does well as a border plant, and also in the open if placed in half to rather deep shade.*

• *Dainty massed bed (above) is set off well by an edging of stachys lanata (lamb's tongue), which has silvery, fuzzy-covered leaves and spikes of deep lavender flowers in spring. It does best in semi-shade, but is hardy except in the coldest districts. Another variety of stachys is grandiflora. It has clumps of green foliage and big lavender flowers.*

• *Annual mesembryanthemum, or Livingstone daisy (above), a hardy, showy plant that does well everywhere except in the tropics, flowering in late winter and early spring, and often extending its season until hot weather scorches it. It never gets out of hand, and is excellent for covering dry banks or growing in hot, dry places where few other plants will survive. The flowers open in the sun and make a show for a long period.*

• *Alyssum, or Sweet Alice (above), is used here with portulaca to fine effect. Sweet Alice had pride of place in great-grandmother's garden and is still popular. A hardy annual, it self-seeds rather too freely for tidy gardens. There are white, mauve, and lavender annuals, and a bright canary-yellow perennial that makes a fine border or rockery plant in all soils.*

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Continuing . . . .

The Faceless Adversary

from page 52

"No," he said. "Nobody I ever saw before."

She came close to him in the cab, and he held her close.

"I'll have to see your father," he said. "Tell him—I couldn't go through with it."

"Men!" she said. "If it makes you happy. When you take me home—afterward."

The cab went downtown, down Park and Fourth. The traffic had thinned; the cab rolled fast. From Broadway they went through Eleventh, across University Place. The cab driver said, "Here you are," and knocked up the meter flag. He was paid, and drove away.

"Wait," Barbara said. "I'll look for that friend of mine. Her name's Hilda Zook. The poor thing!"

They had arranged that, John at first reluctantly. She would look at mailboxes, seeking the name of a friend — a friend, as it turned out, improbably named Zook. And seeing who there was to see. He had protested. She had said, "Nonsense! It's the most innocent-seeming thing in the world."

He waited only briefly. She reappeared at the apartment-house door and nodded. The small lobby was empty; neither the janitor, Pedersen, nor policemen lurked there. Upstairs might well be different. They went up in the automatic elevator. In the corridor upstairs no one waited.

The key from the pocket of the too-loud jacket fitted. It had been inevitable that it would fit; otherwise, it was meaningless, part of no pattern. That there be a pattern was essential. John pushed the door open and reached for the light switch, and two lamps in the sunken living-room went on. Then he stopped and looked at his hand, still raised.

"I knew where it was," he said slowly, and to his own ears his voice seemed to come from far off.

"What?" Barbara said. "Oh—oh, for heaven's sake, John!" She took both his arms in her hands, faced him. "You're too big to shake," she said. Her eyes were very bright. "You're an idiot." She released his arms. "Where else would it be?" she said. "They're always there."

He looked down at her.

"You know, then?" he said.

"That you've had a bad time," she said. "That you have more imagination than's good for you. The last I've known for months."

"That I——" he said, and stopped in bewilderment. "I?"

"Who else?" she said. "There are hundreds of apartments like this one. Light switches are always in pretty much the same place. Where else?" She stopped for a moment. "We're wasting time," she said. "Have they taken the picture?"

From the raised entrance platform, John could not tell. They went down into the living-room. The photograph was where it had been, on a small table. The daffodils were no longer there.

They looked at the photograph. "You were playing tennis," she said. "Had been, or were going to. I'd guess, going to."

The background was out of focus. There was the faint tracing of what might be the wire netting of a backstop. Beyond that there was, even more faintly, part of a tree — apparently a big tree, fully in leaf. The surface of the court was not visible: the photograph showed John's body only above the waist.

There was not much to go on. Some place in the country, since only in the country recently had he played tennis; somewhere with a tree near the court. He had, the summer before, played as a guest at several clubs—in Winchester, on Long Island. He had played on Al Curtis' private court, with Al and two other men, whom he had known by given names, for a few hours and did not remember. He had played——

She couldn't help with that, Barbara thought. In another way she might. What kind of girl was the girl who had lived here, who had died here? What kind of clothes had she worn? What scent had she used?

Barbara left John standing by the little table, looking at the photograph. He was so intent — intent in his effort to recapture memory — that he did not, she thought, know that she had left, had walked across the living-room and into the bedroom. She found a light switch there and flicked it up, and lamps went on on a dressing table. At what she saw, Barbara Phillips for a moment raised a surprised hand to her lips.

"If you want to see Mr. Pending you'll have to come up the same as the others."

There were twin beds in the room, and on one of them clothing was piled—had, apparently, been thrown. Woollen dresses and cotton dresses and silk dresses: a silk suit and a woollen suit; two evening dresses, one of them long; a very pretty, very fragile negligee — all piled helter-skelter on the bed.

For a moment Barbara's chief feeling was one of regret that pretty things should be so treated — it was a feeling, almost, of sympathy for the pretty things. But then she went from the doorway to the bed and began to pick up the garments, one by one—the negligee, the short evening dress. The girl had been size ten: she had had good taste. And she had had money to spend.

Without thinking, acting almost instinctively, Barbara looked for the shop's label in the evening dress she held. Fifth Avenue it would be, almost certainly — or Madison, or Fifty-seventh Street.

There was no label.

That did not, of course, mean anything. Labels are lightly sewed on; not infrequently they fall off. (To a coat, a girl would sew a label back, if it was the label of a good shop. On an evening dress, or a negligee, a girl probably would not bother.) Still idly, Barbara picked up one of the woollen dresses and again looked for the label. And again there was no label.

But this time she took the dress across the room to the light and held it under the light and bent it over. The label had not merely pulled loose. It had been cut out. Cut ends of thread were evident.

She worked quickly then. Garment by garment she went over the pretty things on the bed, laying them aside more neatly, more tenderly, than they had been laid. Before she had gone far she realised what she would discover—that from each of the things which had hung in the girl's closet the label had been cut. Probably, Barbara thought, with a pair of manicure scissors.

Except for one—a sheath of wool, dark green. From that she was almost certain the label had not been neatly cut. An end of thread hung loose. That label had been pulled off. Or had merely worked loose and fallen off? In that case, it might be anywhere. It might be on the closet floor.

Until she had looked for the label in the evening dress and found it gone, and then found it gone in the second dress—Barbara's interest had been idle—the passing interest of one woman in the source of another woman's clothes. But now the interest was active, since the implication was obvious. The labels had been removed to hamper identification of the girl who had died under the name of Nora Evans, but might at some time have lived under another.

Barbara groped for and found a dangling cord in the closet, and pulled at it, and a small light in the ceiling went on. She crouched and began to search the floor. She was searching, handicapped by the darkness of her own shadow, when she heard sounds from the living-room. She stood up——

There was the sound of something heavy falling to a padded surface—the sound of feet running on the padded surface. Then there was a muffled exclamation, wordless — a kind of involuntary "uh!" And then, again, there was a sound of someone running on a carpeted floor.

By then Barbara was herself running — out of the closet, across the room, to the door of the living-room.

The room was dark, except for the light which flowed into

To page 56

See the family likeness?

It's that clear, smooth *Pears* complexion

Skin with dewy freshness. Skin that's clear and flawless. Babies have it. So can you, if you care for your skin with baby-mild Pears.

The milder your soap the prettier your skin. And Pears is the mildest of soaps . . . mild and so pure you can see right through it! Each tablet is matured for 14 full weeks to make sure of its mildness . . . to ensure the perfect blending of its delicate oils. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin clearer, smoother, younger-looking. Buy Pears soap today, for baby, for you . . . for everyone at your place.

Why don't you make Pears a family affair?

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Mara Corday starring in
"THE BLACK SCORPION"
A Warner Brothers Production

MARA CORDAY LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries
it beautifies

thick and creamy . . .
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

Tubettes 1/3, Small Size 2/-
Large Size 3/6, Economy Size 5/-
BUY THE BIG ECONOMY SIZE AND SAVE 2/2 (compared with the small size)
Also available in creamy lotion form in leakproof Bubbles, 1/3 ea.

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS
Y153

Continuing . . . The Faceless Adversary

from page 55

it in a narrow path from the open bedroom door — a path of light in which her own shadow was large, distorted.

"John!" she called. "John!"

There was no answer. She went into the dark room and called again, and now there was something near panic in her voice.

But then she heard the sound of a door closing, and almost at once the lights came on in the room.

John walked from the entrance door of the apartment, down the steps to the sunken living-room. As he came toward her, he rubbed his forehead with the heel of his right hand.

"Got away," John said. "Must have gone down the stairs."

"Are you all right?" she said. "Tell me. Are you all right?"

"What?" he said, and then, "Oh, sure, I'm all right. He got the photograph. Rammed into me. Knocked me into a chair or something. Grabbed the picture and——"

He walked past her quickly to the door to the kitchen; the door at the far end of the living-room. He was there only a moment. He reached up to the wall and there was the click of a light switch and the lights went out. Almost at once the switch clicked again, and there was light. He walked back to her.

"Hiding in the kitchen," he said. "There's a three-way switch. Turn the lights on and off from either end of the room. Then—he ran for it. Knocked me out of the way. He was on me before I heard him. I chased him, but he got away."

"You're not hurt?" she said.

"No." He paused. "What would anybody want in the kitchen?"

Barbara shook her head quickly.

"Come here," she said. "It wasn't what he was doing in the kitchen."

He followed her into the bedroom. She showed him what she had found. She held up the green dress. "Except for this one," she said. "This one whoever it was didn't cut. Merely jerked at. Unless——"

They had not heard footsteps. They heard only a voice, from the doorway. It was a hard voice, without inflection. "Keeping busy?" the voice said.

They turned. Detective Grady was in the doorway. Shapiro was behind him. Grady answered his own question, in the same voice. "Keeping real busy, aren't they, Nate?" he said. "Taking care of evidence, wouldn't you say, Nate? Who are you, lady?"

"Barbara Phillips," she said. "And who are you, gentlemen?"

"He's Grady," John said before Grady answered. "Grady and Shapiro."

Barbara Phillips said, "Oh," with a careful avoidance of cordiality.

"So," Grady said, "you're the Phillips girl. She's the Phillips girl, Nate." He looked at her. He looked very carefully, as if at an object. "Gets around, doesn't he?" Grady said. "Get around, don't you, Mr. Hayward?"

Involuntarily, John took a step towards him. "No!" Barbara said, and Grady said, "The lady's right, Mr. Hayward." John stopped. "So," Grady said, "you used the key. We thought you might. Didn't we, Nate? But you didn't wear the jacket. Showy thing, the jacket."

"Yeah," Detective Shapiro said in his soft, sad voice. "We thought you might, Mr. Hayward."

"I suppose," John said, "that's why you put it there? The jacket with the key in the pocket?"

"You get funny ideas," Grady said. "Don't he, Nate?"

Shapiro, this time, merely nodded sadly.

"What would we put it there for?" Grady said. "You can do better than that, can't you? It was there when we——" He stopped. "We knew it was there," he said.

"When you searched my apartment," John said.

A little elaborately, Grady pantomimed astonished innocence. Then he was reproachful. "You know we'd have to have a search warrant," he said. "Anybody serve a warrant on you, Mr. Hayward? How you going to prove we were there? Anybody see us there?"

"All right," John said, "you can see through walls."

"On the other hand," Grady said, "you're here, aren't you? Revisiting the scene, they call it. Anybody say you could come here?"

"According to you," John said, "I was paying the rent. You can't have it both ways, can you?"

As a triumph it was small, but in its small way satisfying. 'Smart cooky, isn't he, Nate?" Grady said. "We're horsing around. You like to horse around, Mr. Hayward?"

John said nothing.

"The labels on the dresses," Grady said. "That was a cute one. Afraid we'll find out who the girl was, Mr. Hayward? Check back on her, from where she bought the stuff? Not a bad idea. Thought he might try that, or something like it, didn't we, Nate?"

This time Shapiro said, "Yeah."

"Something like that," Grady said. "And that nice picture of him. What did you do with the picture, Mr. Hayward? And the dress labels? You and Miss Phillips here. Down the incinerator chute outside?"

"No," John said. "Somebody got here ahead of us. And—was still here when we came. You—I'd think you'd have run into him."

Grady sighed deeply.

"Mr. Whoseit," Grady said. "The same old gag. All right, Mr. Hayward. You tell it."

John told it. He told it, evidently, to disbelieving ears.

"Quite a story," Grady said. "You see this—this man of mystery, Miss Phillips? Have green hair, or anything? Easy to pick up if he had green hair."

"You're really very cute," Barbara said. "You work at it very hard."

"Lady," Grady said, "your papa runs a bank. You're an important young lady. Did you see this man you say got the picture? You say got the labels?"

"No," she said. "I was in here. I was looking on the closet floor. I thought maybe he'd dropped one. I heard sounds. Someone running. When I got to the door he'd got away."

"No green hair," Grady said. "That's too bad. Did you make some noises for the lady, Mr. Hayward? Struggle noises? Running noises?"

"No," John said. "But it's no good, is it? You and Miller've got it all worked out."

"Yeah," Grady said. "That's right. All worked out. Oh—we made a list of the labels. Got a policewoman to describe the dresses and things they were on. Checked them out. Some very nice stores the boys and girls have been visiting. And you know what? Ones we can check back on, Miss Evans bought. Paid cash. So now we know that. And that nice picture of you. We made copies of that. Several copies. So you don't have to worry about having it grabbed that way."

"And," John said, "left everything here hoping someone would—come around to tidy up? That's the way you work it?"

"One of the ways," Grady said. "We've got lots of ways, haven't we, Nate? And surprise, surprise—look who came to tidy up. Knocks us over with a fender, like the lady used to say on the radio. Don't it, Nate?"

But Nathan Shapiro had wandered off. They could, after a moment, hear him. He appeared to be in the kitchen.

"Don't take anything for granted. That's Detective Shapiro," Grady said. "Maybe, he thinks, this man of yours left a card or something. Benefit-of-the-doubt Shapiro."

"For you," Barbara said, "there isn't any doubt, is there?"

"Nope," Grady said. "If I had my way——" He stopped.

There was no need for him to continue. He was explicit enough, in words, in tone.

"But the trouble is," John said, "you don't even know if her name was Evans."

"O.K.," Grady said. "You're a very smart cooky. Everybody admits you're a very smart cooky. Now you've got a very smart lady helping—very smart, important young lady, whose papa owns a bank." He raised his voice. "Nate," he said, and Shapiro came in. Shapiro shook his head.

"Not a chance in a hundred," Grady said, "but let's see if they've got them on them."

"Turn your pockets out, Mr. Hayward," Shapiro said. "Let's see if you've got 'em."

Hayward took articles from his pockets, turned the pockets inside out. Shapiro ran expert hands over him. He said, "Nope."

"Like I said," Grady said, "probably the incinerator." He looked at Barbara. A lightweight woollen dress moulded her slender body. She looked at him steadily. "O.K.," Grady said, "we'll settle for your bag." Her bag was on a chest-of-drawers. She emptied it on the top of the chest-of-drawers. "O.K.," Grady said. "We go through the forms. All right. Get going. Don't come back."

Barbara went first out of the bedroom. "Figure," Grady told John Hayward, "that your lease has expired. And—I'll take that key." John gave him the key.

"Oh, yes," Grady said, "we showed that jacket to some people. Pedersen, one of them was. Said you wore it when you came here, part of the time."

"I thought you didn't—" John began, and was interrupted; was told to be his age.

"Found it there," Grady said. "Two of us—Nate and me. We can swear to that. If we took it away and showed it to some people and put it back—but who says we did that, Mr. Hayward? We say it was there first night when we picked it up. When you let us in. See how it figures?"

"In other words, you're willing to lie."

"Who says? A man who strangles a girl half his size? A girl maybe, coming to him to be kissed?"

He looked at John, and looked at him with hatred.

"Get going," Grady said. "While you can."

There was, John thought, no use going on with it—not with Grady. He and Barbara walked the length of the living-room, with the detectives watching them, Grady implacable, and Shapiro looking very, very sad.

"We only made it worse," John said, when they were in a cab, going up Fifth. "Now Grady is surer than ever."

"But," Barbara said, "someone isn't. Because they don't know who the girl is." Then she said, "It's cold, isn't it. Put your arms around me." He put his arms around her. She was trembling. But it was not really cold.

She quieted in his arms. She was herself again when they reached the Phillips house—a house set shoulder to shoulder with its neighbors, but, as such houses go in New York, broad of shoulder. It was taken for granted that he would come in with her. He followed her in.

Stairs ran up from the entrance hall. To the right of the hall, beyond a wide doorway, was the library. Martin Phillips sat in a deep chair, under a light. He took off his glasses and laid them on a book open in his lap. Then rather slowly he laid book and glasses on a table and stood up.

"Well," John said, "it was no good, sir. You were right, and I promised but—it was no good."

"Evidently," Martin Phillips said. "Very evidently. She is too much for both of us. And—too much to be protected."

"It wasn't ever," Barbara said, "not ever, one of your better ideas, father."

"Perhaps not," Martin Phillips said. He looked from one

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"Let's try it again from the 'Two and one half cups of sifted flour.'"

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REVOLUTION ROMANCE

ROMANTIC LEADS of "Dangerous Exile" are Belinda Lee and French actor Louis Jourdan. The story, half fact, half fiction, concerns the historically puzzling disappearance of the young Dauphin at the height of the French Revolution.

BELINDA LEE (above), British Films' 22-year-old blond beauty, whose romance with the married Italian Prince Filippo Orsini made headlines early this year. The prince was dismissed from his Papal post and the pair parted. She is seen in one of the beautiful 18th century gowns she wears in the Rank Organisation's period romance "Dangerous Exile."

THE FUTURE of the boy king of France is discussed by Royalist Louis Jourdan and Belinda in the lonely castle home of her aunt, played by Martita Hunt. The trio are risking their lives by hiding the young king from the angry French Revolutionaries.

FILM FAN-FARE

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P273

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FILM PREVIEW

ROBBERY WAS A RIOT

• • • Hollywood films the story of a farcical bank robbery that actually happened, proving again that truth is often a thousand times funnier than fiction.

TOM EWELL, as the bandit leader who wanted to be friends with everyone.

THE STORY

BACK in the "roaring 'twenties" and the "turbulent 'thirties" bank robbers seriously regarded themselves as professionals.

People like John Dillinger, Machine Gun Kelly, and even a pistol-packin' momma named Bonnie Barker spent weeks, sometimes months, carefully planning their illegal coups.

But the sloppy, amateurish manner in which three happy-go-lucky disciples of this infamous breed carried out a 187,785-dollar (£84,503) bank robbery in a tiny New York State town not long ago would have made their predecessors laugh.

The theft had all the ingredients of farce. Yet, although the comic-criminals did everything wrong, and his two assistants walked out on him in the last minutes, the leader did pull off one of the strangest robberies in police history.

The leader turned State's evidence at their trial and received a slightly reduced gaol term.

The story might have ended with the sentencing of the bandits, but Twentieth Century-Fox was so moved by the absurdities in the crime that it has made "How To Rob A Nice Little Bank" with only minor, unimportant deviations between the script and the event.

MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY, as the cabbie who wanted a cut.

MICKEY ROONEY, as the hash slinger who liked horses.

Shaughnessy and Rooney are frustrated by leader Ewell's disregard for detail and the robbery is launched after only a casual perusal of the town bank.

Ewell, unsure of how to handle his gun, nervously looks the other way as he forces the bank treasurer to unlock the inner vault where the money is stored.

Rooney listens to the rustle of riches as he counts his share. He and Shaughnessy panicked after kidnapping a woman teller, and left Ewell to drive with her in circles all night, waiting for the bank to open.

Ewell, deserted, carries out the robbery alone. But he is forced to divide the money with Rooney and Shaughnessy in return for their silence. The division hardly matters, because the trio lose the loot in bets.

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Sweet, not-so-sweet, or dry, there's a sherry to suit everyone—piquant sherry with its exhilarating flavour! And it's a very welcome way to offer your friends refreshment.

So often the French say "Santé!" as they lift their glass of wine—"Santé—your health!" And why not, when good wine has so many tonic, energising qualities?

Nature has endowed our land with every requirement of soil and climate for the growing of grapes. It is our good fortune, then, to be able to buy fine Australian wine at a fraction of the cost of imported wines of equal quality.

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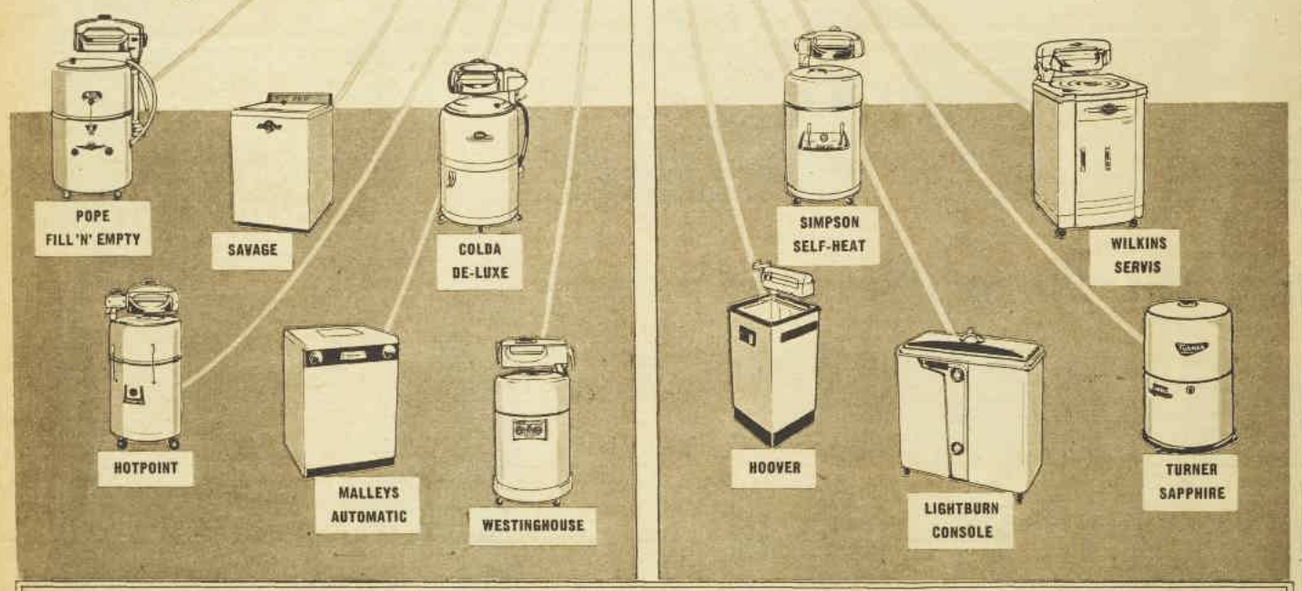

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Naturally, the people who make your washing machine want you to get the very best results in it. That's why they unhesitatingly recommend Rinso. "Safe for it — best in it", they say. Those richer, softer Rinso suds let your washer do the fine job it was designed for . . . give you brand-new brightness in all your wash. With Rinso you actually protect the important rubber rollers and machine bearings. That's why Rinso comes free with most new washing machines—to start you off with a washday as bright as a carnival day in May!

Enter Today! A washer given away every day in May

The whole family will have great fun entering this happy new contest with its exciting festive atmosphere. So next time you are at your grocer's, or nearest electrical store, pick up enough Contest leaflets — one for every member of the family. Don't forget, the contest opens 1st May and closes midnight May 31st, and there's a new work-saving washer to be given away on every one of these days.

Simply complete the last line of this gay carnival jingle . . .

National Washing Machine Month comes round again in May, my friend
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Because Rinso is the safest . . . and gives brightness that's brand-new

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And RINSO is the only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines — that's a REAL guarantee

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Continuing . . . .

The Faceless Adversary

from page 56

to the other, longer at his daughter.

"Facts don't mean anything, do they?" he said. He looked at John. "Is she right, Hayward?"

"There's no reason you should believe it," John said. "But she's right."

"If she's wrong," Phillips said, "it will be a very bad thing. For everybody. And, most of all for you." He turned back to Barbara. "You are quite sure?" he said.

"Yes," Barbara said. "There isn't any possible doubt."

For some seconds, then, father and daughter looked at each other. Finally, Phillips slowly nodded his massive head.

"It's nothing we can go beyond, apparently," he said. "And—nothing I would want to change if I could." He turned again to John. "You're very lucky," he said. "I hope not luckier than you deserve."

He said "Good-night" then, and went out of the room. They could hear him climbing the stairs, steadily, not rapidly . . .

On his way home in a cab John thought of a tree—a tree seen distantly, in full leaf, hazy in a background. If I could

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

remember the tree, he thought. I have to remember the tree. Methodically he tried to picture the places where, the summer before, he had gone to play tennis. Or—had dressed as if for tennis. Because a tennis shirt did not necessarily mean——

The telephone was ringing when he went into his apartment.

"The green dress," Barbara said. "You remember? The one the label wasn't cut out of?"

For a moment he did not. Then he said, "Yes."

"I remember it," she said. "I almost bought it. And — it was late in August. Last August. Fall things were just beginning to come in. Do you see?"

"Before the apartment was rented," he said. "Yes, I see. It's—it's a little thing, though."

"Big or little," she said. "It's a thing. We need things. Listen —"

He listened.

. . . . . .

Mme Jacques' was "a little place on Madison Avenue." All New York women know little places on Madison Avenue; many of them know several. Mme Jacques' had a single dress in its single window. It had a narrow door and the door was curtained. It was, John Hayward thought quite irrelevantly, the sort of door at which one felt one should knock. It seemed discourteous, intrusive, merely to open the door and walk in. John opened the door and walked in.

Barbara was not yet there. A middle-aged woman with beautifully ordered and slightly bluish-grey hair advanced delicately on the carpeted floor. She was a substantial woman,

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New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★ THE DEEP SIX

Warner drama, with Alan Ladd. In WarnerColor. Plaza, Sydney.

LADD fans will love the way he wins the war with daring deeds on land and sea.

This time he is Lieutenant Alec Austen, gunnery officer on board a United States destroyer, torn between his Quaker upbringing and his duty to kill for his country and his ship.

Those who aren't fans will find more enjoyment in the competent performances of Dianne Foster as the girl left behind and good-looking Efrem Zimbalist, jun., as the ship's doctor.

In spite of being a poor advertisement for the U.S. Navy — showing a regrettable lack of discipline in contrast to British naval dramas — this film has a few amusing moments and, one way and another, plenty of action. — A.M.B.

In a word . . . TYPICAL

★ BLUE MURDER AT ST. TRINIAN'S

British Lion farce, with George Cole, Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas, Lloyd Lamble. Embassy, Sydney.

RONALD SEARLE'S schoolgirl horrors aren't quite as funny as they were the first time when met as "The Belles." However, there's enough going on in this haphazardly put together frolic to raise a laugh every so often.

St. Trinian's new headmistress is Dame Maude Hackshaw, of Sydney, N.S.W. — a pretty compliment from directors Launder and Gilliat.

George Cole, playing his old role of Flash Harry, is this time conducting a marriage bureau and engineers the whole school a trip to Rome so that the charms of senior pupils can be looked over by an Italian prince.

As well, there's a fortune in diamonds hidden in the school's water-polo ball, some further difficulties with the Ministry of Education, and the usual waving of hockey sticks and wild war cries.

Another Australian flavor is given this out-of-hand romp by the appearance of Lloyd Lamble as the bedevilled superintendent of police who ends up defeated and back on the beat.

Two beautiful character studies come from Joyce Grenfell (now Policewoman Gates) and Terry-Thomas, who escorts St. Trinian's through Europe.

In a word . . . PANDEMONIUM

THE TARNISHED ANGELS

International drama, with Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, Jack Carson. State, Sydney.

BECAUSE of its essential shallowness of characterisation (and despite director Douglas Sirk's recurrent excursions into arty symbolism), it is difficult to decide whether this is more ridiculous or unpleasant.

If anyone was going to bring to the screen William Faulkner's queer, unwholesome story, "Pylon," it should have been the French, whose best film makers can observe the darker bypaths of human frailty with compassion.

Covering a barnstorming air display during the depressed 'thirties, reporter Hudson finds a small boy being teased because he doesn't know whether his father is egocentric World War I flying ace Stack or Stack's worshipful mechanic Carson.

The mother (whom Stack is willing to prostitute to get a new plane) is named LaVerne, and is played accordingly by Dorothy Malone.

It is all faintly nauseating. For what it's worth, Hudson goes to some pains to establish an uninteresting character.

In a word . . . UNNECESSARY

Movie news

LIZABETH SCOTT is about to make her debut in a nightclub act. She recently cut her first record album. The blond actress had no musical ambitions until she co-starred with Elvis Presley in "Loving You." With that husky voice she might be good.

★ ★ ★

FILM diplomat of the year looks like being tubby American director Robert Aldrich, nephew of former U.S. Ambassador to London Winthrop Aldrich. Robert is the man who persuaded Martine Carol to appear before the cameras without make-up during shooting of "The Phoenix," a story dealing with the de-fusing of unexploded bombs. One wag cracked: "It's the only covering Martine has ever refused to shed in movies."

★ ★ ★

LANA TURNER has moved into the house once occupied by another trouble-scarred movie queen, Rita Hayworth.

Elsa Maxwell's party secrets

Continued from page 27

the outer edges and work your way inwards towards your plate.

You can't make a mistake that way, and if you do come a cropper it's because the table wasn't properly set in the first place.

Know when to leave a party; to a hostess there is no more trying guest than the one who behaves as if each party may be his last and he means to make the most of it.

Keep an eye on the clock.

In making your farewells tell your hostess simply and sincerely how much you've enjoyed her party. Never mind if you haven't; tell her so, anyway. But don't run on about it.

The perfect guest? There's no such thing. Such a paragon doesn't exist.

When a guest turns in what may be considered a perfect performance it's due entirely to the skill of his hostess.

And the hostess can't fail to scoop this pool of success if she makes sure each of her guests has at least one of the basic qualities contained in what I consider the Big Six in the catalogue of personal allure: Beauty, Glamor, Intelligence, Charm, Wit, Gaiety.

But if the perfect guest is pretty much the result of clever contriving on the part of the hostess, the opposite number, the bad guest, is to be had almost anywhere for the asking.

When things go against me, when plans hit snags, when I am having "one of those days," I console myself by dreaming up a situation beside which all else pales to insignificance.

I invent a nightmare party.

I fancy I am giving a dinner party for 12.

I give you the list of guests as I envision them, and without further comment.

The seating plan would be:

- **Yours truly;**
- **Elvis Presley;**
- **Polly Adler, author of "A House Is not a Home";**
- **Porfirio Rubirosa, Dominican diplomat - playboy, ex-husband of Barbara Hutton;**
- **Mrs. Gwen Cafritz, wealthy and flamboyant Hungarian-born Washington hostess.**
- **Liberace;**
- **Jayne Mansfield;**
- **David Beck, discredited ex-boss of the U.S. Teamsters' Union.**
- **Monique van Vooren, bosomy Belgian actress.**
- **Krushchev;**
- **Mrs. Bobo Rockefeller, ex-coalminer's daughter and ex-wife of Winthrop Rockefeller, whose divorce settlement was 5½ million dollars (approx. £A2,475,000);**
- **Ex-King Farouk.**

Well, psychologists tell us there is something of the sadist and something of the masochist in all of us, and I suspect this not-very-kind pastime is evidence of both ugly heads rearing themselves in my comfortably unprobed psyche.

Still, I can vouch for it as a cure for those pre-party blues.

NEXT WEEK: Elsa concludes her best-seller, and has some candid remarks to make about the Duchess of Windsor.

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THREE FITTINGS
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Longer-wearing comfort for healthy, active feet.

Here are three different lads with a lot in common . . . they take the same size shoe, but each needs a different fitting. Your kiddies, too, have character in their feet and correct comfort is important. That's why Edunley shoes are made in C, D and E fittings. . . . THREE different widths for snug, foot-fitting comfort. And, what's more, like these three playmates, Edunley shoes are lasting companions for running, jumping, hopping and skipping.

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Ask for Edunley in the candy striped box.

634: Punched Derby
3-6½; E fitting only
7-1½; 2-5: C, D and E fittings.

739: Centre Buckle
3-6½; E fitting only
7-1½; C, D and E fittings.

715: Fancy Derby
3-6½; E fitting only
7-1½; 2-5:
C, D and E fittings.

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Another wonderful way to taste that chicken

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"Chicken Broth has always been a family favourite, and now that you can home-cook it so easily, and in just ten minutes, you can serve it as often as that hungry family wants it. And Chicken Broth is wonderful for recipes, too — try the one on this page and you'll see what I mean."

Betty King
Home Economist of World Brands

SAVOURY CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 lb. minced meat, 1 cup rice, 1 onion diced, 1 pkt. Continental Chicken Broth, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, 3 cups (24 oz.) water.

Method:
Combine all ingredients in a casserole or a stewpan. Cover and bake or simmer for 1½ hours. Serve as a casserole with vegetables or as a delicious snack or savoury on toast.

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but corsets allowed her figure no nonsense. She said, "Yes?" on a rising note.

"I'm meeting Miss—" John began, and Barbara Phillips came in.

"Miss Phillips!" the middle-aged woman said, to one long awaited, highly prized.

The woman was not Mme Jacques. Mme Jacques was Max Jackman, who was roly-poly, uncorseted, and back-stage. The woman was Mary Callahan.

"Such a long time we haven't seen you," Mary Callahan said, with reproach not to be taken seriously. "You're looking so lovely, my dear."

But she was not looking so much at Barbara as at Barbara's spring coat; at the bright print under it.

"Such a gay little frock, too," Mary Callahan said, proving herself generous, since the dress was not a Mme Jacques'. She felt she could afford to be generous—when pretty young women of notable financial standing brought young men, probably of the same, with them—"Well," Mary Callahan thought. "Boy. Oh boy!" "We have some lovely things," Mary Callahan said. "Only this morning I was saying, 'That's the very thing for Miss Phillips. Something not everybody could wear, but on her—' "

She stopped with the air of one who, in the throes of uncontrollable enthusiasm, feels she is talking too much.

"But I'm rattling on," Mary Callahan said. "I know you must have something special

Continuing .... The Faceless Adversary

from page 60

in mind." She looked quickly at John. "She has such wonderful taste," she said. "But I'm sure I'm not telling you anything you don't know."

"Um-m," John Hayward said.

"Mary," Barbara said, "I want you to help me. I'll buy your very nicest frock tomorrow. Or day after tomorrow."

Mary Callahan raised her eyebrows a little, with the air of one who listens. Mary Callahan's face changed. It seemed to John Hayward to become more really a face.

"Late last summer," Barbara said. "August, I think it was. You had a dress—a little woollen dress. It came in green and blue and, I think, in black."

Mary Callahan listened. She waited. It would, John thought, be hopeless. Nobody would remember a single dress out, he supposed, of hundreds.

"I almost bought it," Barbara said. "But then, instead, I decided on a suit dress—grey and blue. With lovely detail on the jacket. Little tucks?"

"It was charming on you," Mary Callahan said. "You didn't make a mistake."

"Lovely," Barbara said. "But then, all your things are."

Mary Callahan's face looked more than ever like a face.

"The one I didn't get," Barbara said. "The little woollen thing. Here it went—"

Barbara had taken off her spring coat. Now, her quick, slender hands moved. They moved at her neck and breast, describing a pattern in the air in front of her. "And there—" now her hands moved closer to her hips.

"Tucked, just a little," Barbara said. "But the thing I liked best—" She turned, and her quick hands seemed to smooth the air in the area of her small, neat buttocks. "None of that pull-in," Barbara said.

"It would be difficult to find a dress that—would on you," Mary Callahan said. Then, "Wait. I think I remember. The sleeves—"

And now she, less quickly, with less grace but quite as decisively, made air patterns. She had pretty, plump hands, with short red nails. John supposed that, in this strange fashion, woman to woman, they communicated. It appeared they did.

"That's it," Barbara said. "I knew you'd remember."

"A little dress," Mary Callahan said. "Not important at all. Just a little thing you'd live in."

"Yes," Barbara said, and nodded her head. "Oh—not over fifty dollars."

"Fifty - four ninety - five," Mary Callahan said. "But—" She paused, seemed puzzled. "It's nothing you want for now," she said. "And by the time you do —"

"No," Barbara said. "I want to know who you sold them to."

Mary Callahan looked more puzzled than before; she looked doubtful.

"Please," Barbara said. "It's—it could be important, Mary. Did other shops have the dress?"

"Exclusive with us," Mary Callahan said. "Not an important dress, but exclusive." She paused. "In the area," she added. "They went very fast, as I remember it. Of course, we never stock many of any number. You know that."

"Of course," Barbara said.

"Well . . . here I am!"

"It's one reason so many of us—I mean, it does give one confidence."

"It's something you can count on," Mary Callahan said. "I don't suppose—oh, more than four or five. In a dress of that type—a little dress. In something more important, it would be only the one, you know. Unless, that is, we made it a special order."

Barbara nodded. She waited.

"I suppose I could find out," Mary Callahan said. "Ordinarily—you say it's important?"

"Very important." Barbara said. "Oh, very important. And—it doesn't matter about the eighteens. Or even the sixteens. The one I'm interested in was a ten. In the green." She paused momentarily. "I'd appreciate it so much," she said.

"If it was a charge," Mary Callahan said. "Or someone who's a regular. If someone merely walked in off the street—" She raised plump shoulders. "But that seldom happens," she said. "With us, you know."

It appeared that Barbara did know. John merely stood. It went on around him.

"Wait," Mary Callahan said, and went back through the shop—which had only two dresses on display, on figures; which was a very reticent shop. She pushed aside a curtain and vanished.

"Does she," John said, "really know the dress you mean?"

He was looked at in surprise; a neat, small head was shaken in surprise.

"Of course," Barbara said. "I described it very clearly." But for an instant, and for the first time since long before, there was laughter in her widely spaced brown eyes. She sobered instantly.

"You're all right?" she said. "There hasn't been anything else."

"Nothing else," he said.

"About the photograph?"

He could only shake his head.

"It will come back," she said.

They waited, standing side by side, not touching—and as if their arms were about one another.

Mary Callahan came back after about ten minutes; she smiled and nodded as she came through the shop, vouching for success. She said it had not taken her long, had it? She had a slip of paper with names on it.

"Max was a little stuffy, just at first," Mary Callahan said. "But I told him it was Miss Phillips, so of course—" She handed Barbara the slip of paper.

"One of each size," she said. "Ten up to sixteen. It wasn't made in eighteen, except on a special order. We did reorder on the fourteen—a green, as it happens. But it's all there."

Barbara looked at the names on the slip of paper.

"The ten green," she said. "Martha Blake. I know Martha." This was to John. "The twelve—it might just have been a twelve, although I don't think so. Mrs.—" She hesitated over the name for a moment. "Mrs. Leroy Slipperton?"

"One of our best customers," Mary Callahan said. "Such a lovely little thing. Such a delightful figure. Like yours, my dear. Except just here." She touched her own body in the area of the waist. "As it happens, they all went to very good customers. We didn't show it to everyone."

Barbara handed the slip back. She shook her head.

"It isn't what you wanted," Mary Callahan said. "Oh, dear. I'm so sorry."

"I want," Barbara Phillips said, "a girl with red hair. A—a girl who's dead now, Mary."

"Not—" Mary said. "Then you're—" She did not finish this either. She looked at John Hayward. There was, he thought, nothing but curiosity in her blue eyes.

"Yes," he said.

"I'm so sorry," Mary Callahan said. "So dreadfully sorry. But—I know all these." She fluttered the slip in plump fingers. "None of them is—is the girl you're talking about."

"No," Barbara said. "Well, I appreciate what you've done, Mary. We—it was just a chance. You're quite sure the dress was exclusive?"

"Yes," Mary Callahan said. "Only with us. Of course, our Danbury shop—I think several did go up there."

To be continued

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Continuing .... That Special Magic

from page 23

Mrs. Perry's sewing-machine to make covers for the two chairs.

Her mother sent them a portable oven for a wedding present, and Paul talked Mrs. Perry into letting them cook their supper in their room.

He got a bookcase from a second-hand shop, too, and spent several weekends refinishing it. They both found themselves wanting to hurry home at night and hating to leave it in the morning. There was no period of adjustment for either of them. They were just Mavis and Paul, working together and dreaming the same dream.

They still practised taking a few pictures with the camera, and when Paul's classes were over they began to go for long walks every evening. It was on one of those, while they were wandering up a side street they had never explored before, that they saw the house.

It was late dusk, almost dark, when they saw it. It was so small that it looked like a child's playhouse after the child had grown up and gone. And it had a "For Sale" sign on the fence.

Paul said: "That's one of the smallest houses I've ever seen."

So they went back to look at it. They walked round it, but it was too dark to see through the windows.

Paul wanted to go back again the next evening while it was still light enough to see.

All the rooms were tiny, but even then they were larger than the outside led one to believe. The kitchen was the tiniest of all, but the bath had white tiles on the floor and there was a real fireplace. The whole house badly needed decorating.

"If you knocked out that partition between this room and the smallest bedroom and make it all one big room," Paul's voice sounded funny because his nose was pressed against the window, "and then painted it a soft color and put in some good furniture——"

For just one moment Mavis' heart skipped a beat. Then she said lightly: "Sounds pretty expensive."

Paul turned round. "Not so very. Not if you did the painting yourself and got some of that unfinished furniture and just waxed it—" He saw Mavis' face and stopped.

In a very small voice she asked: "Paul, would you rather . . .?"

"No," he said quickly. "Of course not. Not many people go to the Mediterranean, even once in a lifetime. Why, there are lots of houses, but I phoned the agent and they're asking eighteen hundred."

That was the first of October. Their joint bank account would barely cover the down payment on the house.

Paul didn't say anything more. Once, when they were out, Mavis took his arm. "When we get back, darling, we could start saving again. It doesn't take so very long."

He gathered her hand in his, stuffed it into his jacket pocket, and held it there.

"We will," he told her. And he added as they walked on, "It won't take so long."

Then they each got a small salary rise. But Mavis had a severe cold that hung on too long, and Paul was still too thin, so they had to start taking vitamins instead of saving the amount of the rises.

And they had their first quarrel, about whether or not Paul should buy a new overcoat. He didn't want to spend the money, but in the end Mavis won the day.

She borrowed Mrs. Perry's sewing-machine again and made herself two warm winter dresses. And she began to look at patterns and bright cotton materials because she intended to make the clothes she would need in the Mediterranean. Their bank account slowly crept up.

Then in November Mavis began to have dizzy spells.

She knew it couldn't be anything serious. She had always been perfectly healthy, so she waited a couple of weeks, certain that it was just the aftermath from her cold.

Then, when it became more and more difficult to get herself dressed and off to work in the mornings, without saying anything to Paul about it she went to the doctor.

Paul was waiting for her just inside the little cafe that evening. When the weather was bad he waited inside, and this night was raw and windy.

Oddly, walking against the biting wind seemed to make Mavis feel more like her usual sturdy self, but she understood why now.

After they had finished their supper and he had brought her a second cup of coffee, she said: "I went to the doctor, Paul. That's why I was late."

Paul waited, his eyes on hers with quick concern.

Quietly, because it was something that must be told and her feelings about it were still so mixed up, she said: "We're going to have a baby, Paul. In the summer. The doctor was sure."

She didn't know what she expected of him then, but she was totally unprepared for the look on his face, the glow that spread slowly as he understood until all his features seemed actually altered, perfected somehow by it.

"Well," he said. "Well."

He grinned broadly and then, watching her face, brought the smile under control but not the brightness in his eyes.

"Paul." She had to look away from the wonderful, radiant happiness she couldn't, at least at that moment, share. "Paul, it rather changes things, doesn't it?" she queried.

He said again: "Well—," and some of the brightness, but only some of it, faded.

She leaned towards him. "Paul, we ought to go right away now and not wait. If we wait and then the baby comes, we—Paul, we'll be just like all the people who never, ever in their lives——"

She didn't have to say any more.

"We haven't really got enough money." His grin came back, but on only one side of his mouth.

"I'll write to Dad." Mavis said it rapidly so that she couldn't think about the quick tightening of Paul's face, the gradual fading of the look of utter delight. "He'll lend us some. I know he will. He'll understand, and we can start saving when we get back."

"No." Paul watched the coffee swish round in his cup, then looked at her. "We couldn't do that."

"Please, Paul. It would be just a loan. We could have it all paid back before the baby comes, and enough saved up for the baby."

When her voice broke, something caught in his throat. She had never asked him for anything before, didn't even know how to coax very well. He had never seen her cry, and now her eyes sparkled with unshed tears.

Gruffly, he said: "How could your father understand?"

"But he will, Paul. I'll explain. I know he will."

He said gently: "All right, sweetheart. And we'll pay it back as quickly as we can."

Her father sent the cheque right away, but he didn't seem to understand the situation. Mavis hadn't told him about the baby, and his letter sounded confused. When she got home from work at midday the following Saturday, the letter was there, lying by itself on Mrs. Perry's battered hall table.

"I don't want to say it

To page 66

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● *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

Continuing . . . . That Special Magic

from page 65

sounds foolish," her father had written. "Maybe it's important to you for some reason I don't know. Anyway, there's no hurry about paying back the money. I'd be a poor father if I wouldn't help my only chick . . ." and so forth.

She showed the letter to Paul when he came home. He said only: "I wish I knew him. Your father, I mean." He didn't look at the cheque.

Feeling oddly unexcited, Mavis got out a dress she had been making. She found she would have to alter it slightly. Paul had been working on a second-hand chest of drawers he was refinishing. The wood, where he had scraped off all the garish layers of chipped paint, had turned out to be solid mahogany.

But today he didn't work on the chest. He looked at it standing there in the corner, then he got out the travel folders. He spread them on the bed, then gathered them back into a neat pile and put the rubber band round them. He wandered up and down the room, then stood and looked out of the window.

Mavis had been watching him. She folded the half-finished dress, patted it flat, and asked: "Shall we go for a walk?"

They had walked past the little house many times since they first saw it. Although they hadn't talked about it again, once they had gone up and sat down on the front steps and Paul held her hand. Now, when they came to the corner, without saying anything at all, they both turned towards it.

Mavis tried to think about the cruise and whether she should take one warm dress, but in her mind's eye she kept seeing smoke coming out of the stubby brick chimney, drifting straight upwards until it vanished.

The windows should have ruffled white curtains, tied back so that from the outside you could see the rosy reflection of the fire. Or would chair covers, bright, splashy chintz, be better? A man might like them, and they wouldn't show grubby, small finger-marks.

She turned to face her husband. "Paul——"

She stopped because she had never seen his face like that before, held stiff and hard and almost angry. He was staring at the house. Then she saw what he was looking at. The smoke coming out of the chimney was real.

In a new, brittle voice, Paul said: "They ought to take down the For Sale sign."

Suddenly, it seemed to her that the smoke was a sign of something, something lost. But the house still looked deserted, with the curtainless windows.

She frowned at the house and shook her head. "How could anybody be—"

For just a heartbeat Paul's face brightened. Then the tight look returned.

They looked at each other. And then, hand in hand, they were tiptoeing around the house. They had to know.

A man's voice boomed out at them. "Hallo! Do you two want something?"

They both turned slowly, half guiltily, towards the voice.

A small old man was standing in the doorway, watching them. He was old. It was somehow all wrong that the house should belong to a little old man.

Paul said: "Not really. We just—well—" Mavis moved closer to him.

"Just looking around, are you?" The man was looking Paul over, sizing him up.

Paul said: "That's it," because there was no use denying it.

"Would you like to look the place over?" the man said. "Come on inside."

Mavis and Paul glanced at each other. Paul looked eager and reluctant at the same time. It didn't occur to either of them to refuse the invitation.

Except for the crackling fire in the fireplace, the house was perfectly empty. The man walked through it ahead of them, saying things like: "Kitchen. Not very big. Living-room, not bad, needs some paint, though. Two nice little bedrooms. Mother Goose wall-paper in here. Previous owners must have had a child."

He sounded proud of the little house. He seemed to just be there looking round, perhaps preparing to move in himself some time.

He didn't linger in any of the rooms; just walked through them all, and back to the fireplace, so Mavis and Paul didn't have a chance to stop and talk and think about it.

Somehow they managed to see everything, anyway. And they had to do that even if it did already belong to someone.

Impatiently then, the man stood in front of the fireplace, waiting for them to leave.

Paul said: "Well, thank you. It's a nice house."

"It certainly is," the man said.

They all walked through the kitchen towards the back door. Mavis kept thinking about that living-room with pastel walls and a couple of big, soft chairs beside the fireplace, the playpen maybe in front of it. All the kitchen needed was a stove.

Suddenly she hated the old man. And his old wife, too, who probably already had everything and wouldn't have to wait at all. Her eyelids stung and then she couldn't bear it any longer.

Fighting to smile, without looking at the man, knowing that Paul was staring at her, she said: "I hope you'll be very happy here!"

She jerked open the door and ran down the shallow steps and round the house. She stopped when she reached the pavement and waited for Paul.

When Paul came, he didn't touch her or try to comfort her, but he stood so that he could see her face. Breathlessly, as if he had been running, too, he said quickly: "He's the estate agent, darling."

It was important. It was so important that she might have misunderstood.

"What?"

"He's the estate agent. He came over to see that everything was all right. He made a fire out of an old box because it was so cold." Paul looked as though, at any second, he might laugh out loud at nothing at all. "He's trying to sell the house."

They stood on the pavement for a long time, side by side, and stared.

Dreamily, Mavis said: "It needs curtains. Ruffled white ones. Or chintz maybe."

"We wouldn't have the cruise," he said carefully. "Not for a long time, maybe. Not with a baby. And we'd have to spend your father's money on furniture."

Mavis took hold of his overcoat with her two hands and shook it a little.

"But we almost lost it, Paul!" she cried. "We might have lost our house!"

Paul said reasonably: "We have to choose. We have to lose either one or the other. Either the house or the cruise."

She shook her head and smiled as though he were being absent-minded.

"But we've already had it, Paul. The Mediterranean, all the special places. And all the wonderful, magic times."

He looked at her as if he didn't quite believe her.

"Really and truly, Paul. We've always had them, haven't we? Ever since that day?"

He began to nod, slowly, surprised because it was true.

"So which should we have now," she continued, "white or chintz curtains?" Her eyes were shining, and she didn't even notice that it was cold. "Tell me, which?"

He loved her so much he couldn't speak. But as soon as he could, he said seriously: "I suppose I never really thought much about curtains. Want to go back and have another look at the house while the estate agent's still waiting there?"

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AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning May 19

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a personal interview.	★ Your work is likely to take you on many errands, to personal interviews, requests for favors, either on your own behalf or that of a group of people.	★ Some of you put wheels under your home and trundle off to new scenes, either temporarily or permanently. Others receive a visit from a relative. Changes occur.	★ Your best beloved might invite you to go on an expedition in a hurry. With little time for organising you may lose your way, forget the lunch, or suffer a setback.	★ Although you are likely to cover a lot of ground, results may not be outstanding. Both people and activities are of a temporary nature this week.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in striking a bargain.	★ Your sign always feels at home in the market place, for you are a born trader. Agreements concluded now should be satisfactory. For some an increase in income.	★ If making purchases for your home, you should be able to find reasonably priced gadgets and labor-saving devices which give a lift to the housewife's day.	★ If he gazes at window displays of furniture or tools for the handyman, he's as good as yours. If he presents you with a home-made gift, admire it.	★ You may put your foot down on a scheme because you consider it impractical and doomed to failure. Suggest an alternative that catches the imagination.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a forceful personality.	★ You can put over almost any proposition by using those quick wits bestowed on you by your ruler, Mercury. Confide in nobody, but carry out plans immediately.	★ Those bent on settling in for the winter will be busy with many a new theory or scheme for more comfortable living. The family may view your run with alarm.	★ If he strays briefly, remember you may have done the same thing. If you are torn between two boys, each of whom has good looks and character, be friends with both.	★ Even if you feel you know all the answers, don't attempt to do everything in person. Delegate responsibilities to associates, but keep a hand on the wheel.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in second thoughts.	★ Fading into the background? You are wise, for shake-ups all around you may then leave you quietly in your present groove which has much to recommend it.	★ It's a case of still waters run deep. You may go along outwardly calm, yet suddenly erupt over a trifling matter which has long annoyed you.	★ The horizon may be bare of candidates for your regard. Look on this as an interlude between dates, but try not to be a hermit. Girl-friends can be good company.	★ Breathe a sigh of relief if you escaped a thankless task by a narrow margin. Just remain inconspicuous, sinking into the landscape, and you'll avoid grief.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a growing friendship.	★ Sociability rates high on the job. Voluntary workers share interests. Many find harmony helps speed up the work, and makes the hours fly past.	★ What's the use of keeping up a home if you can't have a few friends in from time to time? Asked, or unasked, they knock at your door. Be prepared.	★ The more interests you have, the more boys you are likely to meet. If you play any game you could find the one-and-only on the sports field.	★ Any organisation of which you are a member may suddenly become very active, asking you to take your share in a joint project. Sporting bodies make plans.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck through elders.	★ This is your chance to demonstrate initiative and leadership, and show that you are not afraid of responsibility, whether you sought it or not.	★ Close your eyes to dust on the furniture. Lock up and go off to more exciting places, where you may even learn a few hints about modern housekeeping.	★ If he is a poor dancer, persuade your beloved to join a dancing class. Along with friends this is a delightful way to have enjoyable dates.	★ If you have recently become Madame President of a club and are uncertain about your duties, find out how to conduct a meeting. Look your best in public.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a change of scene.	★ If shifted to another branch or department, fit in with the plans of others who are taking the long view. You might find it desirable to ask for a change to fresh work.	★ A limited number of you move permanently to a new district, filled with regret, but looking forward to new conditions. Others decide on winter projects.	★ Should you and your beloved be studying any subject, you can gain much by discussing it together. If in the same class, you can be sure of seeing him.	★ Any journey or weekend outing you share with old or new friends should be not merely enjoyable in itself but productive of new ideas.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in budgeting time and money.	★ No job is perfect. There will always be drawbacks. Increase independence by saving money and improving qualifications for the type of work you prefer.	★ If alone more than usual you won't waste time deploring the fact. Leisure for personal interests is precious. You may reach a new high level in domestic arts.	★ Parents may be difficult if you arrive home very late and hate to get up the next morning. Tell your beloved you must be home at a certain time. He'll like you for it.	★ At present you appear to want sociability with a purpose; mere amusement does not satisfy you. Study or discussion groups may have appeal.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic adventure.	★ Whether you work to earn your living or to keep your family well and happy, co-operation counts. A generous impulse may lead you far on your way.	★ If there's a birthday or an anniversary in the family circle, you'll celebrate. There could be dinner in town with friend husband, or a glorious children's party.	★ Someone you know may be about to marry and pre-wedding parties include you and the one-and-only. This may lead to wedding bells for you soon.	★ Not glamorous. You may serve on the afternoon-tea committee, help to clean up after a big community effort, or send out circulars, but you're in the team.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in meeting obligations.	★ You'll earn all you get this week. There may be extra work, special tasks, attempts to economise by self-help. A heavy programme may leave you tired, but glad.	★ Too busy to enjoy your own four walls? Cut ambitious programmes so you can join in the children's activities. Compromise with that standard of perfection and relax.	★ That attractive stranger may disappear from your orbit for the time being. There is nothing you can do about it except dream. He may, or may not, come back.	★ Turning your back temporarily on social life because you have a plan you wish to carry out, you shun invitations. Some will concentrate on diet, exercise, beauty.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in love.	★ You are there when most needed. You may fall into a desirable niche, and be regarded as the child of Lady Luck. Everything works out fine.	★ For some, a new pet in the home which delights the children and makes extra work. You'll be wrapped up in it yourself. For others, teenage impromptu parties.	★ Your beloved is out to please and impress you. Play up to him in order to show him that you are a pretty fine person yourself. You'll go over big.	★ Popularity plus is your portion just now, and you'll be in a whirl of engagements. If you're an amateur actor or musician you'll be practising for "the night."
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in your home.	★ Some young married women resign in order to stay at home for a quiet interlude. Others do a minimum amount of work to spend more time on personal affairs.	★ That secret yearning is going to come out in the open while the family is away. You may practise dance steps, play the piano, sing, or do art work.	★ Ask him home to tea. This will please Dad and Mum, and give you the chance to shine. Should you go to his place, put on your prettiest frock, and be sweet to his mother.	★ Repay social obligations, return hospitality, make your home a centre for the neighborhood. In some cases you may be giving a party for an older person.

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Fashion PATTERNS

BEGINNERS' PATTERNS

F3160. — Easy-to-make girl's blouse (short or long sleeves). Blouse sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. "A" requires 1¾ to 2yds. 36in. material; "B" requires 1¼ to 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F2623.—Girl's slacks for winter days. Sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1⅛ to 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F1141.—Comfortable maternity slacks and attractive jacket with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Slacks require 1⅞yds. 54in. material; jacket requires 2⅞yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F4853. — Relaxed-line suit with its own overblouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Suit requires 3½yds. 54in. material; overblouse requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 5/-.

F9338.—Slim winter frock with three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4852.—Smart new season's suit with loose tie in front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F4095.—Buttoned-through winter dress with pretty yoke treatment. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3⅞yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 705.—GIRL'S TENNIS FROCK

Easy-to-make tennis dress with all-round pleated skirt. This dress is available in white sanforised poplin, whi h launders so well. Sizes: 10 years, 24/3; 11 years, 26/9; 12 years, 28/3; 13-14 years, 29/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 706.—ROMPER SUIT

This romper suit is available cut out ready to sew in cream, blue, lemon, and pale green Turella. Sizes: 6 months, 26/6; 12 months, 26/6; 18 months, 26/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 707.—BABY'S SLEEPING-BAG

Ingenious sleeping-bag with drawstring bottom. This is available cut out ready to sew in white, blue, pink, and lemon flannelette. Price 19/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 708.—DRAWSTRING JUMPER SUIT

Smart suit for winter, featuring a straight skirt and drawstring jumper. It is available cut out ready to sew. The material is a British flannel; the colors are cherry, burgundy, bottle-green, royal-blue, junior-navy, and black. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 68/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 69/9. Registration and postage 4/- extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

HEARTBURN

keeping you awake?

Heartburn, indigestion and sleepless nights often go together. The root cause of this trouble is excess stomach acidity. For relief you must neutralize this acidity. Scientifically balanced DeWitt's Antacid Powder quickly does this and ensures prolonged relief by spreading a soothing protective coating over the troubled stomach lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water is all that's necessary. Get fast relief—get DeWitt's Antacid Powder from your chemist or storekeeper today.

When away from home always carry DeWitt's Antacid Tablets. Packed in handy, tear-off cellophane strips, these pleasant tasting tablets give quick, sure relief when dissolved on the tongue.

POWDER . . . *Large economy size* **7/-**
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TABLETS . . . *Large economy size* **3/3**
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"—has done what nothing else would."

writes Mrs. K., Yarraville, Vic.

"Having been a constant sufferer for many years from Heartburn and Indigestion, DeWitt's Antacid Powder has done what nothing else would do for me."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).

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ANTACID POWDER AND TABLETS

"Surf and my Simpson make all the difference. — now my wash is cleaner than ever!"

Mrs. D. M. Austin, East Victoria Park, W.A., writes:

"My husband is a diesel driver, so you can imagine how dirty his clothes get. By the end of the week our dirty-clothes bag is overflowing, and I've got a full-day's washing ahead of me. Before I changed to Surf, I dreaded washdays. My husband's clothes were never really clean, even when I used more soap powder than usual. But now Surf copes with even our biggest wash.

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Surf — THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

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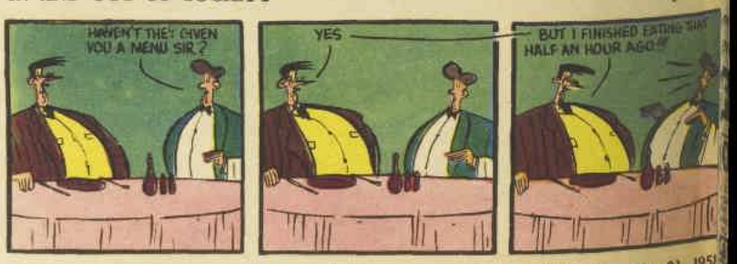
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and a group of people who were all engulfed by the mysterious green spirals, are in the all-green world of Xmyx. The little green men who inhabit Xmyx seem friendly enough and feed their captives, but insist that their prisoners remain until the cause of the greenies' agonising headaches has been discovered. Meanwhile, back on Earth in Professor Pell's laboratory, the professor turns on his ultra-sonic machine. Immediately, in Xmyx, the greenies writhe in pain with severe headaches. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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BECAUSE IT BANISHES ACNE, PIMPLES and BLACKHEADS . . .

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SOLUTION

Gives teenagers the confidence that comes with A LOVELY CLEAR COMPLEXION

Mothers! Teenagers *CAN and SHOULD have a clear, flawless skin, free from pimples, blackheads and other blemishes.*

Scientific skin care during adolescence is vital to confidence and happiness. Innoxa Solution 41 corrects over-oily skin conditions, quickly banishes pimples, acne, blackheads and open pores. 13/6

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Innoxa

SOLUTION 41

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Prevent chapped, cracked hands

Kerodex 71

Waterproof protection from tank soaps, detergents, bleaches, water, acids, alkalines.

JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 6/- EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

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CORNS

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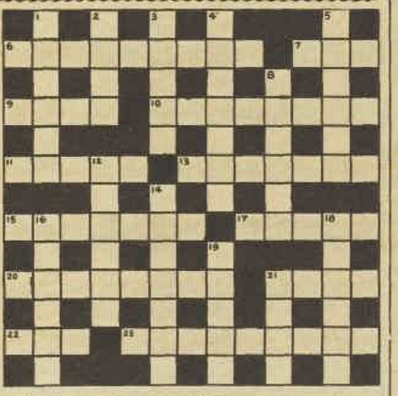
Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

TEENA

by Lilla Tenny

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

6. Malignant women who drop evils (3-6).
7. Help! (3).
9. Girl staying in molasses (4).
10. Softens mixed sausages (8).
11. Move smoothly with cover in the middle (5).
13. Sounds as a bell (7).
15. Man's name or a girl's name (7).
17. When you turn round this seat it plunders (5).
20. Instruments for braggarts (8).
21. Work to request after tea (4).
22. This cannot be the end though it sounds so (3).
23. Richard Neville (4-5).

DOWN

1. Bondage ends all (6).
2. Day fatal to Caesar (4).
3. By way of in an article of the birds (5).
4. Recognised masterpiece of a donkey in an endless click (7).
5. Stick together here joining a short company (6).
8. Request in a wager for a wickerwork vessel (6).
12. This machine may nod (6).
14. Twin sister of Apollo (7).
16. Stray and deliver the message (6).
18. Mollusc which is meaty from the fowl's back (6).
19. Habitual practice coming from the States (5).
21. Rend the secretion of the lachrymal glands (4).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

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The favourite fabric for all the family. Made by the world-famous firm of MORLEY

★ Easy to wash, won't shrink, needs no ironing.

★ Warm yet light in weight and will not irritate the most sensitive skin.

★ Although soft and absorbent, "Velnit" is extremely strong and durable because of the Interlock method of knitting.

★ Large varieties of styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Always look for the name M 83

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"SURF has given me best results of all with my Trayway washing machine!"

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Surf gives you the WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH!

Surf — THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

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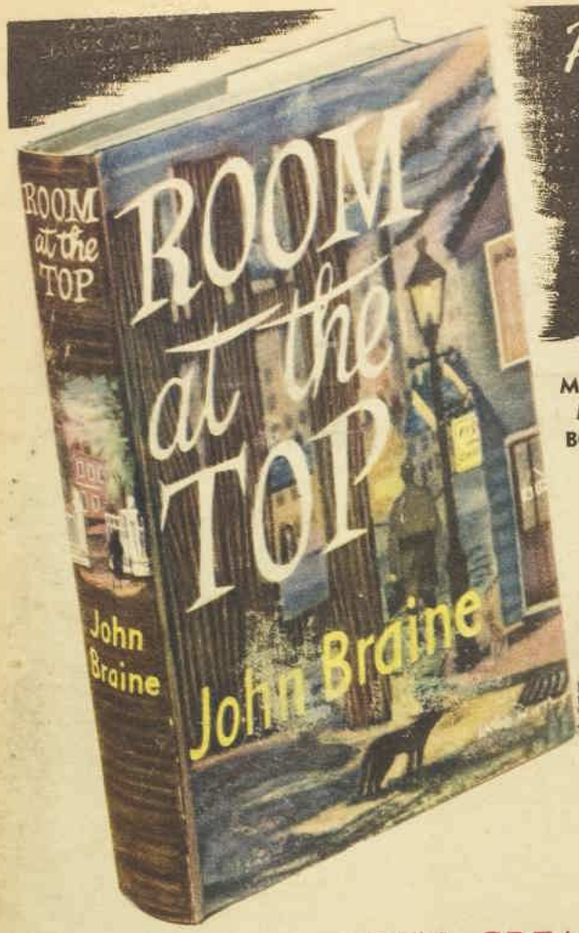

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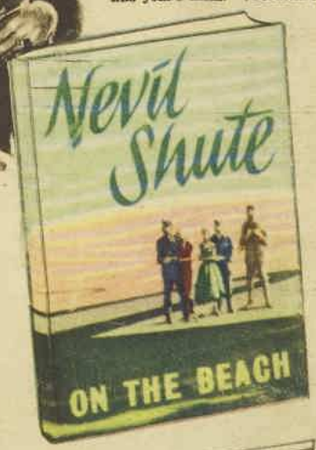
THE TIMES: "An able and striking first novel — The authentic northern tang."

DAVID HOLLOWAY: "The love-making is handled with a directness that is totally void of offence, and the book crackles with life." (News Chronicle).



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